TRUE WEST

ALL TRUE — ALL FACT — STORIES OF THE REAL WEST

October, 1955 - 25c

HAWKS OF THE DESERT

Most savage warriors of them all, the Apaches fought to live —and HOW they fought!

by Norman B. Wiltsey

HELL ON THE CHEROKEE STRIP!

The great Oklahoma land grab was man's most spectacular mass struggle for a home

by J. M. Coker

I SAW THE WOUNDED KNEE MASSACRE

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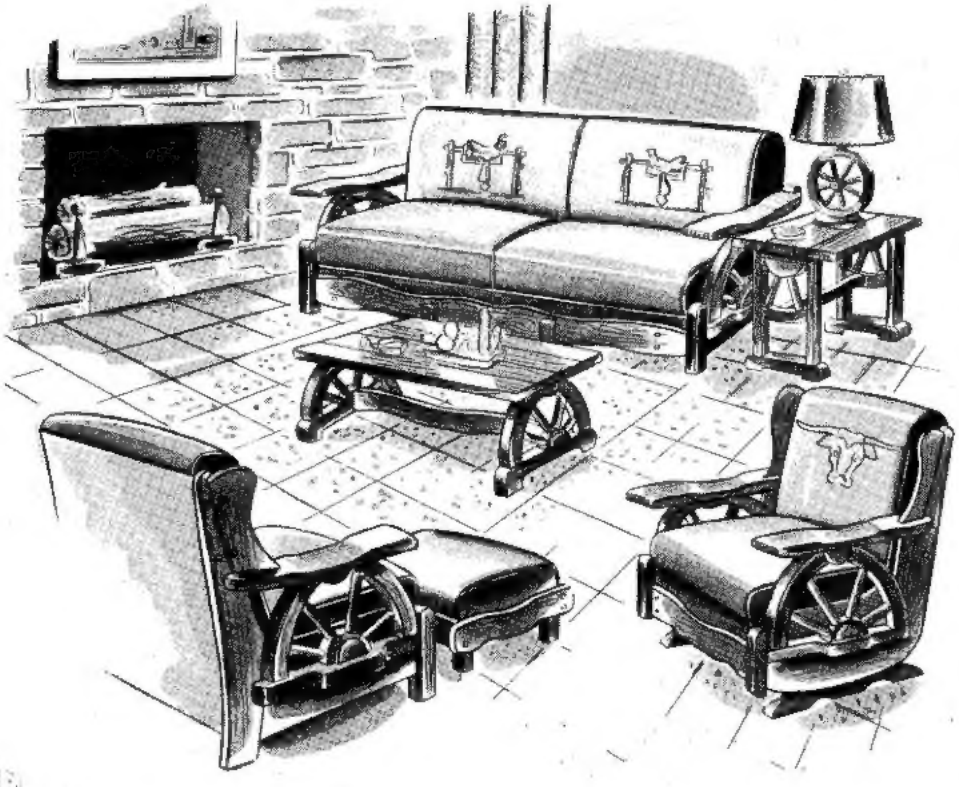

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September-October, 1955
Volume 3 No. 1
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True West

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Cover Drawing by Taylor Oughton

A "SMALL" PUBLICATION

TRUE WEST is published bi-monthly by WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, P.O. Box 5008, 709 West 19th St., Austin, Texas. Editorial Offices, Box 266, Mason, Texas. 25c per copy, $3.00 for 12 issues in the United States and Possessions. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Austin, Texas, April 22, 1953, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Columbia, Missouri. Copyright 1955, by WESTERN PUBLICATIONS.

ADVERTISING OFFICES: The Hunter-Tewksbury Company, 155 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California and 638 South Van Ness Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

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True West

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Truly Western

"The Quality of Courage"

Dear Joe:

It has been a long time since I last tramped around on a typewriter knocking off smoke signals in your direction. First, my congratulations on TRUE WEST, which is the finest of its kind. I am putting $3.00 Canadian in this letter for a subscription.

I am very interested in Dr. Webb's article in the March-April issue on courage in relation to the old Western gunfighters. He has something when he says the cool, fearless man has a big advantage in an affair where the stakes sometimes include a one-way ticket to Boot Hill. In this day and age very few of us outside of war ever have the chance to know how we will react when the chips are down.

On three occasions I have had the chance to find out how my system would behave when all that was between me and destruction was a gun and the know-how of using it. As a professional guide in the Canadian Rockies, I have mixed it with wounded grizzlies three times. Once a big grizzly and I played a desperate game of tag in heavy cover for over two hours. I can state with authority that some fearlessness comes to an end after a time in the face of pressure. It is true that one must be fearless to be completely relaxed. It is also true that one must be relaxed to take advantage of the split-seconds dividing life from eternity in a tight spot. But I'll admit that I have to fight a tendency to come apart at the seams. In the case of the above mentioned grizzly, I finally shot him dead with a slug through the neck fifteen feet from the muzzle of my rifle.

One thing I have noticed that might interest Dr. Webb—although it may be a personal facet of the question. I have noticed that I see everything in slow motion in a close fight with a raging grizzly. Everything is ticking off in split-seconds, but somehow I see things in great detail and there seems to be plenty of time.

It is two or three hours after a close battle that I really get scared—so spooked that I shake like a leaf. I reckon we all react differently to a situation involving great danger.

I have a big lemon-white horse with amber color eyes that is the coolest customer on four legs I have ever met. If he has a nerve in his frame, it never shows when the chips are down. He will shy at some damn fool thing and stand like a rock in the face of real danger. I have sat on the middle of him and argued with a bear over the right-of-way on a trail, and he never moved a muscle. He will stand solid while I empty a six-shooter from his back. Some horses, like some men, are plenty skookum.

Kindest personal regards—Andy Russel, Waterton Park, Alberta, Canada.

Daughter of John W. Mooar

My Dear Dr. Webb:

I have just read with much interest your article entitled "The Quality of Courage" in the April number of TRUE WEST.

My father John W. Mooar, and his brother J. Wright Mooar, wore the crown for courage during the years that they were on the buffalo range. Two braver men never set foot on West Texas soil.

Mooar Brothers organized a 50-50 partnership in the early 1870's at Dodge City, Kansas. After the buffalo days, they were full partners in the ranch business. They figured at Fort Griffin, Texas, in no small way. Both men were famous hunters. Wright Mooar did nothing but hunt, while John W. Mooar hunted and took charge of the caravans going to and from Dodge City. John Mooar's life was in danger 365 days out of the year. He had the Indians and the outlaws and all kinds of weather to contend with on all his trips from the Texas camp to Dodge and Fort Griffin.

In 1950 I drove from my home in Marietta, Georgia, to El Paso, Texas, and back entirely alone. I was gone five and one-half months. While in my old home town of Colorado City, Texas, I saw a history that you wrote. It did me much good to find that you mentioned in your book the famous Mooar Brothers.

Bill Miner, the man who outrobbed Jesse James.

From time to time I am placing in the Texas Tech Museum at Lubbock quite a file on the pioneer activities of John W. Mooar. I hope when you are in Lubbock and have the time, that you will browse through the file . . .

J. Wright Mooar never had any children; therefore, he has no heirs. My father had only two—my brother and myself. My brother, John C. Mooar, was 69 years old last November and I was 68 February 23, 1955. Our days are drawing to a close, and I am so anxious for some of you writers to gather from us first-hand information concerning the early history of West Texas.

I shall try to get your book on the Texas Rangers from the Atlanta Public Library. Mr. Dick Ware, who was supposed to have killed the outlaw Sam Bass, was a close friend and neighbor of ours in Colorado City. My brother and I played with Mr. Dick's nephews and nieces, the Carter children. Mr. Dick made his home with his only sister, Mrs. Mose Carter.—(Miss) Louise Mooar, 507 Cherokee Street, Marietta, Georgia.

More on Bill Miner

Dear Editor:

I guess we can't boast of so many interesting outlaws in Canada as the U.S. can, but I thought I would send you this little write-up and photo of Bill Miner, who with two companions, Shorty Dunn and Louis Colquon, held up the CPR train on a spring day in 1906.

He was captured about 70 miles from the scene, one or two shots were fired, but no one was hurt. All three men were given terms in New Westminster, B.C., Penitentiary, but Miner soon made his escape. He died, I believe, in a penitentiary in Georgia some years after.

Shorty Dunn served 12 years and was paroled. Up north some time later, he entered a Mounty's office and—being a U. S. citizen—asked for Canadian citizenship papers, as he wished to stake a mining claim. The Mounty asked him a few questions, including, "Have you ever done time?"

Shorty hesitated, then replied, "Yes, I was a partner of Bill Miner when he held up the CPR train at Ducks, B.C., back in 1906."

The Mounty smiled, and gave him the papers he required. Shorty lost his life when a canoe upset and he was drowned. His body was not found for one year.

Louis Colquon died in the New Westminster Penitentiary.

I enclose a genuine photo of Bill Miner. I was supplied the negative by the Provincial Archives, Victoria, B.C., to use making Christmas cards—W. G. H. Hewlett, R.R. 3, Salmon Arm, B.C., Canada.

A Gent With Some Mighty Fine Ideas

Dear Joe and Fred:

This is my first letter since taking out my initial subscription, and I want to compliment you on consistently turning out a good mag of the "real McCoy." While I haven't read them in their entirety, I have pretty well "scanned" all issues. The article on page 42 of the June issue interests me considerably. You gents hardly need apologize for any article you've printed even if you have been remiss in cross-checking facts. Remember the phrase "All things to all people" devised by some literary philosopher. In other words, your "hero"—whether lawman or outlaw—may well be my "badman." In one way Truly Western is the best part of the magazine because of its "repercussions" and further development of facts it brings out. One thing to keep in mind is "when the readers (right or wrong) write, the magazine is on the right track."

. . . Now about art and illustrations:

(Continued on page 42)

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HAWKS OF T

By NORMAN B. WILTSEY

HISTORIANS differ widely in their opinions as to just when the Apaches first appeared in our American Southwest. Some believe the Apaches were on the scene when the Spaniards arrived. Don Pedro de Casteneda, Coronado's fluent chronicler, used the term. Other writers believe that, at the time of the Spanish invasion of 1540, the Apaches were still moving down from the frozen tundras of the Far North on the last stage of their vast migration from Asia. This much is definitely known; by the middle of the seventeenth century, Apaches occupied New Mexico, southern Arizona, a big slice of West Texas, and much of the territory now comprising the States of Sonora and Chihuahua in Old Mexico.

The lean, fierce tribesmen called themselves *Tinneh*, *Inde*, or *Dinneh* in various dialects; all meaning *The People*. The name Apache, believed to be of Pima origin, simply means Enemy. Nothing could possibly be more appropriate in the way of a title, since the Apaches fought everybody — first the Northern tribes on their way to the Southwest, next the Sioux and Comanches, last the Spaniards, Mexicans and Americans. "We fight to live," stated the great Apache chief Cochise—and that was the Apache way of life for uncounted centuries.

Apaches were merciless in warfare and were treated without mercy in return. The savage desert fighters destroyed their enemies in any manner possible with the least risk of danger to themselves. Indifferent horsemen, the Apaches were capable of covering amazing distances on foot in the course of a day. Never did they fight a pitched battle if it were possible to avoid. A favorite tactic was the surprise attack. If followed in force, the raiders would scatter like hunted quail, fading into the desert or rocky terrain like ghosts to meet again at a pre-designated rendezvous.

This typically Apache method of fighting brought terror to the Mexicans in the early 1800's and induced them to try to appease *"Los Indios Diablo."* Such was the situation in 1837, when Juan Jose led the Mimbreno Apaches.

In that year the Mimbrenos were one of the most numerous divisions of the Apache Nation, ranging from the east side of the Rio Grande in New Mexico to the Verde River in Arizona. For fifteen years they had kept from the war trail in obedience to their chief, and in that time the warriors and head men had watched the Mexicans gain a strong foothold in their country. Juan Jose, once a great warrior who had raided deep

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"We fight to live," said the great Apache Chief, Cochise. That was the Apache way of life.

"When the Apaches had gorged themselves into a half-stupor, Johnson touched off a howitzer loaded with slugs and scrap iron."

REWARD!
$100- for every scalp of an Apache brave.
$50- for every scalp of a squaw.
$25- for every scalp of a child.
SIGNED: La Junta de Chihuahua
1837

HE DESERT

Illustrated by George Phippen

THERE, in the southwestern corner of what is now New Mexico, the hated invaders had multiplied in the fifteen years they had enjoyed the favor of Juan Jose. The fat chief was content with the situation, but his fierce-eyed braves had taken all they could take—they were sick of Jose and his slothful pacificism. All they needed was an excuse to launch them ravening to the kill. The Government of Chihuahua helped provide the excuse by passing a callously inhuman law guaranteeing to pay the sum of $100 for the scalp of each Apache warrior; $50 for the scalp of each squaw; $25 for the scalp of each child.

James Johnson, a wandering adventurer with the moral scruples of a sidewinder, read the proclamation and saw a chance to get rich. With a partner named Gleason he talked a band of Missouri trappers led by Ed Eames into joining him on a scalp hunt. "Apache scalps even at twenty-five dollars apiece beats trappin' beaver at six dollars a plew," argued Johnson—and the hard-bitten trappers agreed with him. Ed Eames shook hands on the deal, and the scalp hunt was on.

The peaceful Apaches at Santa Rita appeared to offer the safest hunting, and to Santa Rita trekked the white scalp hunters to cash in. Johnson had no trouble at all talking the mine-owners into staging a big feast which would serve as the lure to draw the Apaches into a death-trap.

Eagerly the gluttonous Juan Jose accepted an invitation to the feast. Practically his whole village came, accompanied by many Apaches from distant Warm Springs. Squaws and children tagged along to the party thrown by the generous white men, and the gay spirit of *fiesta* enlivened the town of Santa Rita.

First course on the menu was plenty of *mescal*—and the usually wary Indians proceeded to get roaring drunk. The feast proper was served in the middle of the *plaza;* whole roast steers, *socorro* mush, *tortillas.* At one side of the *plaza* a screen of branches had been erected—and behind that screen lurked the white scalp hunters. When the Apaches had gorged themselves into a half-stupor, Johnson touched off a howitzer loaded with slugs and scrap iron.

The blast plowed a bloody furrow straight through the crowd of Indians, cutting down men, women and children alike. Right behind the lethal blast, blazing away with their rifles or wielding their long "Green River" knives, charged the scalp hunters. Mexican soldiers from the *presidio,* hungry for a fast buck themselves, joined in the slaughter. Their sabers gave them a bloody advantage over the shorter knives of the Americans, and all did right well for themselves.

JUAN JOSE had lived like a sloth, but he died like a warrior. Wounded but game, the portly chief grappled with

(Continued on following page)

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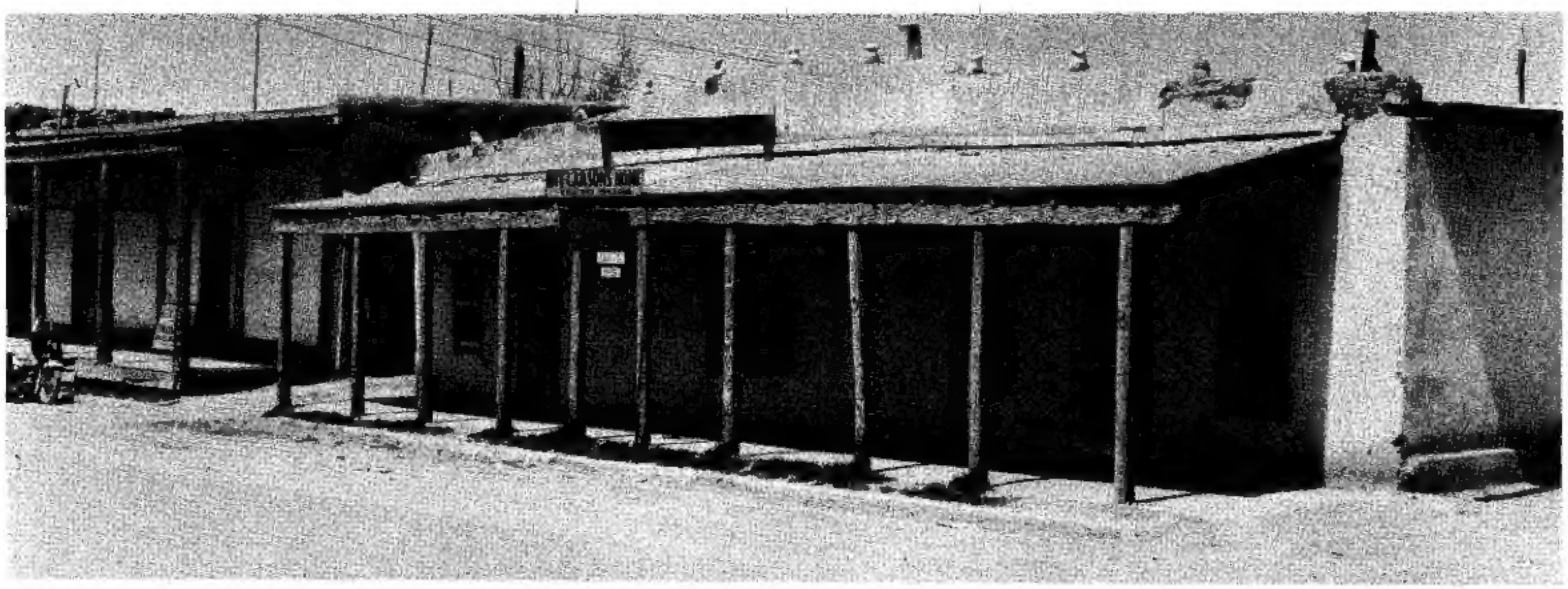

Kit Carson's old home in Taos, N. M., now a museum.

Gleason. Screeching his rage, Jose was besting the treacherous white man in a furious struggle when Johnson put the muzzle of a horse pistol to the back of his head and blew his brains out. Four hundred Apaches died in this foul massacre; of which well more than half were women and children. Only the swiftest runners among the braves escaped to carry the terrible news back to their village.

Mangas Colorado (Red Sleeves), succeeding Juan Jose as head-chief, quickly withdrew the remnant of his people from the camp at Copper Mines to the village of their kinsmen at Warm Springs. His next action as chief was to appoint seven warriors as sub-chiefs under him: Delgadito (The Slender), Ponce, El Chico, Pedro Azul, Coletto Amarillo (Yellow Tail), Cuchillo Negro (Black Knife), and the redoubtable Victorio, who was to become known as one of the greatest Apache leaders of all time.

The giant chief—he stood six feet six inches in his moccasins—called his sub-chiefs into immediate council and told them his plans for prompt vengeance upon the *Pinda-lick-o-yi* (Americans, literally White Eyes). The six listened with gleaming eyes, then glanced into each other's faces in that wordless communion peculiar to Apaches. No word was spoken between them; yet all knew that the chief's plan was unanimously approved. Victorio rose and spoke one word: *Enju* (It is well). The council was closed.

Forty miles away from the site of the council, a party of American trappers were camped on the Gila River. Completely surprised at dawn by the Apache attack, the twenty-two Americans died to a man. The warriors took their rifles, ammunition and supplies and moved on in the ruthless quest for new victims.

Upriver, the raiders captured Ben Wilson and his two companions. Mangas Colorado, impressed by the stoic calm of the three helpless American captives, tried to preserve their lives but was howled down by his angry braves. Finally the chief, through superior eloquence or the sheer force of his bristling personality, won a compromise Apache-style. Two of the Americans should die; the other freed. Wilson was turned loose; his two luckless companions hung head down over a slow fire and roasted to death. Unsated, the raiders set off toward the Copper Mines and the village of Santa Rita del Cobre.

In Santa Rita, the massacred and scalped Apaches had been buried in a long trench just outside the village and the town itself had settled back into sleepy somnolence under the hot Southwestern sun. Yet a close observer would have noted a significant difference. An air of uneasiness, of actual dread, hung over Santa Rita now. Men crossed themselves as they glanced toward that ugly mound of raw earth beyond the last row of adobe houses; women murmured fearfully among themselves. Even the children seemed oppressed by the communal sense of guilt as they played with unwonted quiet in the dusty streets.

AT the *presidio*, the *alcalde* and the commandant of the small garrison of soldiers met in tense council. A *conducta*, a pack train loaded with supplies, was overdue from Chihuahua and the commandant was worried. To put it bluntly, the commandant was badly scared. He had excellent grounds for his concern. A few miles south of the village, in a narrow mountain pass, lay all that was left of the *conducta*—a score of stripped, mutilated bodies. The warriors of Mangas Colorado had dropped down silently upon the pack train as it moved into the pass, and the hot, bloody work of vengeance had taken but a few seconds. On the rocky bluffs above the pass, the Mimbrenos gloated over their rich loot and waited for more fat sheep from Mexico to fall stupidly into their trap.

Weeks passed and no *conducta* arrived in Santa Rita. Accustomed to this regular supply service from Chihuahua and Sonora, the inhabitants of the town had no reserve provisions to sustain them in this dire emergency. Work at the mines ceased altogether as rations were cut and then cut again. Most of the available food was portioned out to the women and children, yet the hungry kids punctuated the fear-ridden nights with their protesting wails. Another *conducta* was now long overdue, and there was no doubt at all in the minds of the apprehensive townsfolk as to its fate. Haggard watchers posted atop The Needle—a sharp-pointed mountain beyond the limits of the village—stared southward vainly. All that met their straining eyes were the whirling dust-devils chasing each other across the sun-baked desert.

Johnson, Gleason and Eames, with the rest of the Americans who had participated in the massacre, grew restive at this enforced idleness and started to leave the fear-haunted town of Santa Rita. They started westward toward the Chihuahua Mountains, but never reached the cover of the friendly peaks. Out of sight and ear-shot of the villagers, the waiting Apaches attacked them and wiped out the party almost to a man. Ironically, Johnson himself escaped to the mountains with three or four men.

The long days and longer nights dragged by for the frightened people of Santa Rita, and still no help arrived. Faced with starvation if they remained at the Copper Mines, the inhabitants of the village were forced to make a desperate decision — they decided to leave their homes *en masse* and travel to the nearest Mexican settlement of Janos, nearly a week's journey to the south.

IF ever an expedition was foredoomed to tragedy, this was it. The people were apathetic from hunger and loss of sleep. Only a handful of soldiers guarded the motley caravan, and these were just as terrified of the lurking Apaches as were the townsfolk themselves.

Leaving the village, women turned for a last long look at the adobe houses where they had lived happily for fifteen years. They looked—and turned their tear-stained faces southward. Whimpering children, clutching their straw-filled dolls as a last link with the homes they were deserting, peered out from the jolting carts. Treasured possessions, precious in normal life but worse than useless in such a forced flight, added senselessly to the heavy weight drawn or carried by the overburdened horses and mules.

No written record exists of what happened next. It is probable that the watching Apaches permitted the terrified fugitives to exhaust themselves in hurried travel before swooping to the attack. Along the direct route south lay two narrow passes through which the fleeing Mexicans must travel, and here the warriors of Mangas Colorado lay in wait. Only a bare half-dozen of the four hundred who had left Santa Rita survived to reach Janos. All the rest—except for a few young girls and small children carried off into captivity—were slaughtered mercilessly in those grim passes to the south. The swarming buzzards feasted for days before the carcasses were picked clean and the bones glimmered white in the blazing sunlight.

Back in their camp on the ridge overlooking the valley of the Copper Mines, the exultant Mimbrenos held council. The massacre at Santa Rita had been avenged, but there was still much work to be done to rid Apacheria of the Mexicans. In fifteen years of shameful

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peace under Juan Jose, the Mimbrenos had grown soft—had ceased to be fighters. Now, under Mangas Colorado, they would re-assert their warlike heritage and strike deep into Old Mexico. More than that, the new head-chief intended to unite the Apaches in a solid alliance for the first time in history. To hasten that desirable result, Mangas Colorado presented his three young and comely daughters to the chiefs of the three important divisions of the Apache Nation: one daughter to Cochise, chief of the Chiricahuas; one to Hash-kai-la, chief of the Coyoteros; one to Ku-tu-hala, chief of the White Mountains. The giant Red Sleeves was a practical diplomat who knew the insidious power of woman. His daughters would see to it that the alliance worked—or their husbands would have a rough time of it, indeed!

Good times followed for the allied Apaches. Swift raiding parties burned *ranchos* and stole cattle and horses in Sonora, Chihuahua and Durango; killed all men who dared oppose them; carried off young women and children into captivity. Mangas Colorado planned their forays and led many in person. No shadow of the dark future tinged their joy; no inkling that the straight-shooting Americans would soon come in force to split Apacheria asunder and drive the people to their mountain retreats to escape extermination. This was the Apaches' glorious hour, and they lived every thrilling minute of it right up to the hilt.

WAR between Mexico and the United States was the unpredictable circumstance which brought the Americans into large-scale conflict with the Apaches. On August 19, 1846, General Stephen W. Kearny and his army of Tennessee and Missouri riflemen occupied Santa Fe, hoisted the starry flag over the Governor's Palace and proclaimed all the surrounding country territory of the United States of America.

The *Pinda-lick-o-yi* had a tough time making their easy conquest stick. Incited by the Mexicans, the local Indians — the Pueblos — rebelled against these new conquerors. General Kearny had barely left the territory on his way to California when the Pueblos stormed the jail at Taos and freed several tribesmen held there, killing the American jailer and the Mexican *prefect*. Next the mob caught James Leal, the circuit attorney, and scalped him alive before finishing him off with their lances. Blood-mad, the mob swept on to the house of newly-appointed Governor Bent. Mexicans and Indians chopped a hole through the roof of the house and dropped screeching through the aperture into Bent's living-room. Spurning Bent's appeal for mercy, the mob killed and scalped him, nailed his bloody scalp to a board for use as a banner, and poured on down the street looking for fresh victims.

At Turley's Mill, outside of Taos, the *insurrectos* besieged Simeon Turley and eight American trappers holed up in the proprietor's house. The long rifles of the defenders took deadly toll of the mob for two days before ammunition began running low. On the second night, the attackers set fire to the house at several points, and the seven surviving Americans made a desperate break for freedom. Four escaped, including Simeon Turley himself. The three mountain men got clear away; Turley reached the mountains before the Indians overtook and killed him.

At Santa Fe, Colonel Sterling Price moved promptly to put down the rebellion. With 350 infantrymen, four 12-pound howitzers and a company of 65 "cavalry," Price marched on Taos. The mounted men, led by famed Ceran St. Vrain, called themselves "The Avengers." Most of them were mountain men —lean, hardbitten trappers burning to revenge the death of their friends and comrades at Turley's Mill.

The campaign against the *insurrectos* was brief but hard fought. Routing a superior force of Mexicans gathered to oppose him at La Canada, Price drove on toward Taos. Reinforced at Luceros by Captain Burgwin and his veteran company of dragoons, the Colonel met and defeated another nondescript "army" of 650 Mexicans near Embudo. The way to Taos was now cleared of enemies. The Americans advanced upon Taos to besiege the Indians barricaded in their North Pueblo and in the church.

Price used his cannon to breach the thick adobe walls of church and pueblo, then sent his soldiers charging through the openings. The Indians, fleeing through the battle-smoke toward the mountains, were cut down in scores by St. Vrain's mountain men. The wretched survivors surrendered and begged the Colonel's mercy on their knees. Seven ringleaders of the uprising, including the Pueblo chief Tomasita, were sentenced to hang for the murder of Governor Bent. Tomasita was later shot by his guards while attempting to escape. The other six were hanged from the same gallows on February 9, 1846.

WHILE these bloody events were taking place, Mangas Colorado had met with General Kearny and shrewdly evaluated the American menace to the Apaches. The giant leader of the Mimbrenos parleyed briefly with Kearny at the Copper Mines, satisfying himself that the *Pinda-lick-o-yi's*—temporarily at least — meant no harm to the Apaches. The wary chief bade Kearny welcome to Apacheria, but was immensely relieved when the Americans pulled out. Red Sleeves had seen what had happened to his country when the Mexicans moved in, and he had no desire to see history repeat itself with the White Eyes.

After the close of the Mexican War, American surveyors appeared at Santa Rita to survey the Mexican-United States border. The Apaches treated these men well, but instantly resented their interference when the surveyors succeeded in repatriating several Mexican captives held by the Indians. Mangas Colorado himself protested vehemently to J. R. Bartlett, leader of the surveying party.

"You came into our country," declared the chief, "and were well received. Your lives, your animals, your property were safe. You passed by ones, by twos, by threes through our country. You came and went in peace. Your strayed animals were always brought home to you again. Our wives, our women and children came here and visited your houses. We were friends—we were brothers! Believing this, we came among you and brought our captives, relying on it that we were brothers and that you would feel as we feel. We concealed nothing. We came not secretly nor in the night. We came in open day, and before your faces, and showed our captives to you. We believed your assurances of friendship, and we trusted them. *Why did you take our captives from us?*"

(Continued on following page)

Modern day Mescalero Apaches, dressed in traditional garb. Through their veins runs blood of the warriors of old.

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Bartlett could not explain why he had negotiated the captives' release when his own country practiced slavery, and he had no intention of engaging in a debate with this shrewd and clever Indian. Instead, he offered to "buy" the freed slaves.

Mangas Colorado looked his scorn of this white man sophistry. "The brave who owns these captives does not want to sell. He has had one of these boys six years. He grew up under him. His heart strings are bound around him. He is as a son in his old age . . . Money cannot buy affection. His heart cannot be sold. He taught him to string the bow and wield the lance. He loves the boy and cannot sell him."

RED SLEEVES was arguing eloquently in a lost cause; the fact was accomplished, the boys were gone. Purely to save face he accepted $200 worth of trade goods for the missing captives. The Apaches left Bartlett's camp in a bad mood. Mangas Colorado calmed the angry warriors, telling them to do nothing rash as the *Pinda-lick-o-yi's* would soon be leaving Apacheria. Discovery of gold at Pinos Altos, northwest of the Copper Mines, destroyed that hope in a hurry. Bartlett and his men did indeed leave Apache country, but the gold-seekers remained—140 of the toughest "Injun haters" on the frontier. Red Sleeves considered now how to remove the miners.

The giant chief came up with an astonishingly naive idea—he would show the greedy White Eyes where there was far more gold than they could ever find at Pinos Altos. Then, reasoned Red Sleeves, they would leave Apacheria as the other white men had done. Boldly, Mangas Colorado walked into the white men's camp and approached the first miner he saw with his proposition. Purposely, to show his good faith, he had entered the camp alone.

Suspicious of treachery, the white man walked away from the chief. The Apache tried another miner with the same result. From man to man he went, patiently explaining to those who would listen that he wanted all white men to leave his country. In return, he would tell them where there was much of the heavy yellow metal they deemed so valuable. The miners reciprocated by ganging up on the brawny Mimbreno, overpowering him by sheer numbers and flogging him brutally with a blacksnake whip.

The flogger tried in vain to make the chief cry out for mercy, deliberately prolonging the whipping until the flesh of the Apache's back was cut into bloody shreds. The aging chief bore the agony without sign or word. The baffled white men took turns wielding the whip, but at last they were compelled to admit defeat—their victim would not yield to their sadistic torture. They cut him loose with jeers and laughter. Mangas Colorado looked at them—and the brutish laughter died in their throats. Nobody lifted a hand to stop him as he staggered a few steps, fell, and finally crawled out of camp.

The senseless, savage whipping of Mangas Colorado was the stupidest act of many stupid acts performed by white men on the frontier. The frightful wounds on the chief's back healed in time, but he never forgot nor forgave. To be whipped was—and is—the gravest insult that may be inflicted on an Indian. Mangas Colorado spent virtually the rest of his life avenging that insult. Proud as all Apaches are proud, he wore a shirt to hide his disfiguring scars—but the puckered weals were always uppermost in his hate-seared mind.

WEST of the Mimbrenos and sharing with them the fine grazing lands between the Warm Springs and the Chiricahua Mountains, lived the Chiricahua Apaches. Chief of the Chiricahuas was Cochise, favorite war partner of Mangas Colorado in the days before the arrival of the White Eyes. Many had been the bloody raids into Mexico led by these two crafty leaders. Mangas Colorado had given his prettiest daughter to Cochise for wife, a daughter born to him by a beautiful Mexican *senorita* taken on a raid. Like Mangas Colorado, Cochise had hesitated going to war with the *Pinda-lick-o-yi*. Also like Mangas Colorado, an incident occurred to Cochise that turned him with bitter, implacable hatred against the White Eyes.

At this time there lived on the Sonoita River a settler named Johnny Ward (or Wadsworth, according to some accounts). A Mexican woman and her small son lived with Ward. The woman had been held prisoner by the Apaches, and the child had been born of an Apache warrior during her captivity. The situation was fraught with peril, and Ward had been repeatedly warned by patrolling cavalry units to get rid of the woman and her half-Indian son. Ward, a bold Irishman, laughed at the warnings.

Apaches raided the lonely ranch in October, 1860, plundering the house and driving off a herd of cattle. One warrior scooped up the child and carried him off on his horse. Returning to the house that afternoon, Ward found a scene of desolation. The Mexican woman, though physically unharmed, was so shaken by the experience she could hardly speak. Ward ruined his best saddle horse by racing him to Fort Buchanan, twelve miles away, with news of the raid and capture of the cattle and child.

Colonel Morrison, C.O. at the post and an experienced officer who should have known better, sent out a detachment of sixty men under command of Lieutenant George Bascom, a shavetail fresh out of West Point. Bascom detested the thought of having to start his military career rounding up a bunch of Apache cattle thieves, and determined to get the nasty business over with as soon as possible. He headed straight for the friendly village of Cochise, camped near the stage station midway in Apache Pass. The stage line ran directly through this rugged, narrow pass in the heart of the Chiricahua Mountains. The station keeper, a man named Wallace, had arranged with Cochise to have his people supply the station with wood. Such was the peaceful situation at Apache Pass when Lieutenant Bascom arrived, afire with impatience to accomplish his mission.

The apprehensive Wallace persuaded the cocky young officer to hold off while he went into Cochise's camp with news of the troops' arrival and the reason for their visit. Cochise listened to Wallace's careful explanation; then nodded and picked a dozen warriors to accompany him to Bascom's camp. Unarmed except for knives, the Apaches carried a flag of truce so that their peaceful intentions could not be doubted.

LIEUTENANT BASCOM opened the parley by bluntly demanding that Cochise surrender the cattle and child. "If you do not deliver them at once, I will arrest you and your men," threatened the doughty young officer.

Cochise glanced around him and realized that he and his braves had walked into a trap. This baby-faced officer was spoiling for a fight, and, therefore, would not listen to truth—which was that Cochise and his band knew nothing of the raid. Nevertheless, Cochise attempted to reason with Bascom. The attempt was useless; Bascom waved his arms and shouted that Cochise lied. No Apache lies—to accuse him of lying is to offer him a deadly insult. Cochise rose to leave, his face stony, and motioned to his braves to follow. Bascom raised his hand in a pre-arranged signal to his men. The soldiers moved in for the arrest.

The chief whooped a defiant war whoop and charged the soldiers, his long knife gleaming in his hand. Startled by Cochise's yell and tigerish rush, the soldiers pulled back and let the chief and his warriors through. Cochise bounded up the slope with bullets kicking up dust around him. Five braves were caught by the soldiers, but Cochise and

In these the Apaches lived. A typical wickiup, photographed in Arizona in 1880. Frontier Pix

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"Leading six of his men, Mitchell raced forward through the whining, richocheting bullets, righted the howitzer, and coolly maneuvered it into firing position. Not a man was hit during this daring exploit—the Apaches, firing almost vertically down from the heights, over-shot with every bullet."

the others escaped. A bullet painfully creased the chief's shoulder, but did not smash the bone. Within minutes of his escape, Cochise and all his warriors came flitting back to attack the troops and drive them inside the station corral. Three soldiers fell wounded, and at last young Bascom began to realize his mistake.

That night, with his detachment pinned down by accurate Apache fire, Bascom asked for a volunteer to attempt to reach Fort Buchanan with an appeal for help. The trooper got through the besieging Indians in the darkness and reached the mail station at Dragoon Springs, from whence he carried the news of "Bascom's Folly" to the post.

Detachment of Bascom's force of sixty troopers had weakened the garrison at Fort Buchanan to a point where Colonel Morrison could spare only fifteen men to ride to the beleaguered lieutenant's assistance. Captain Irwin started at once with the squad of troopers, while the C.O. sent a courier to Fort Breckenridge, a hundred miles northwest, asking that two troops of cavalry be rushed to Apache Pass.

Approaching Apache Pass, Irwin's small party encountered a few Indians driving off some cattle. Shots were exchanged, the soldiers captured the cattle and took three prisoners. The country looked barren of any sizable force of Apaches, so the squad moved cautiously forward.

At the Pass, Irwin found the first shocking evidence of Cochise's vengeance —a small wagon train looted and burned, the charred bodies of eight teamsters lashed to the smoldering wagon wheels. Luckily for Irwin and his fifteen troopers, the Apaches had left the western entrance of the Pass open while they scouted a fast moving column of cavalry on the other side of the mountains. Sheer chance protected Irwin from annihilation as he hurried his men up the Pass to reach Bascom holed up at the stage station.

ACCOUNTS of what happened next are curiously garbled. One story has it that Cochise brought out his six bound captives—including stationkeeper Wallace and three survivors of the burned wagon train, and placed them on a rock in full view of the whites while he attempted to negotiate an exchange for the warriors held in Bascom's camp. Captain Irwin, in his official report, made no mention of this. In any case, two troops of cavalry arrived from Fort Breckenridge shortly thereafter, and Cochise disappeared into the mountains.

The following day the soldiers marched out of the Pass. Sharp-eyed scouts spotted buzzards circling off-trail to the right, and rode cautiously to investigate They found the remains of the six men Cochise had captured. They had been tortured to death and left for the buzzards.

Captain Irwin, as the senior officer present, promptly ordered the execution of six of their prisoners in the same spot as r e p r i s a l. Accordingly, six Apaches were hanged by the neck and the bodies left dangling for Cochise's attention. The April, 1928, issue of *The Infantry Journal*, published posthumously Irwin's account as written in 1887.

"It was then and there that it was determined," wrote Irwin, "to execute an equal number of Indian warriors confined at the mail (stage) station. The silly fabrication that a game of chance decided their fate is as absurd and groundless as the ridiculous assertion that I objected to their execution and wanted to take them to the post of Fort Buchanan. So far from having remonstrated against their merited punishment, it was I who suggested their summary execution, man for man. On Bascom's expressing reluctance to resort to the extreme measure proposed, I urged my right to dispose of the lives of the three prisoners captured by me, after which he then acceded to the retaliatory proposition and agreed that those prisoners and three of the hostages taken by him should be brought there (to the spot where the white men had been killed) and executed, which after full and deliberate consideration was accordingly done . . . The punishment was an extreme mode of reprisal but was demanded and justified by the persistent acts of treachery and the atrocious cruelties perpetrated by the most cowardly tribe of savages infesting the territory."

Captain Irwin — he was a General when he wrote his article — somehow neglected to mention that none of the six Apaches hanged had anything to do with torturing and killing the six white men. Three had been taken prisoner when they entered Lieutenant Bascom's camp under a flag of truce; three had been captured in the fight over the stolen cattle. Irwin's weird logic can be credited with an important part in bringing about the quarter-century of ruthless warfare that ravaged the Southwestern frontier after that hanging incident. Thousands of whites paid with their lives and property the Apache blood debt before the grim warriors were through collecting.

COCHISE and Mangas Colorado were given unexpected assistance in their battle against the hated White Eyes by the onset of the Civil War, which forced Federal troops to abandon nearly all the forts in Arizona and New Mexico. The mines were also abandoned and the

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towns deserted, until Tucson was practically the only settlement left. The Apaches moved in as the soldiers moved out and methodically laid waste to the whole country formerly held by the White Eyes. Nor did the Confederate forces have any better luck with the warriors of Mangas Colorado, Cochise and the other Apache leaders. Texans occupying Fort Davis in Texas, Fort Stanton in New Mexico, and other posts —all had to fight for their very existence. Colonel Sewell, attempting to take over Fort Davis with 400 men, had to cut his way through an Apache trap to reach the fort.

So it went throughout the Southwest; the disillusioned Apaches made no distinction between Northern or Southern troops. To them, the invaders were all White Eyes—fit candidates for ambush and slaughter.

Along the Rio Bonita the Mescaleros spread a broad trail of fire and desolation, wiping out every settlement. They repeated their bloody work along the Rio Grande. War party after war party swept through the Big Bend country of Texas, running off stock, burning buildings, killing off settlers. Raiding the *rancho* of Don Manuel Musquiz only six miles from Fort Davis, Apaches ran off the wealthy Spaniard's whole herd and killed three *peons* who foolishly tried to interfere.

Colonel Baylor, C.O. at Fort Davis, sent Lieutenant May with twelve troopers and four civilians to trail the raiders. The broad trail left by the cattle led toward Mitre Peak, then twisted south toward Cathedral Peak, and finally headed into a wild canyon leading toward the Rio Grande. Heedless of danger, the dashing young Confederate officer plunged into the narrow canyon.

Miles down the canyon, the Mexican guide presently spotted fleeing Indians, a dozen warriors riding jaded ponies. The eager lieutenant fell for the ancient decoy trick—the hoary stratagem used by Indians throughout the West until it seemed that every white man in the country should have been wary of it.

Just when it seemed that May and his detachment were catching up with the fugitives, a volley rattled from the canyon walls above them. Screeching warriors poured down from the rocks on both sides, and the seventeen white men were caught in a death trap. In ten minutes it was all over; only the Mexican guide escaped. He faded into the rocks at the first crackle of rifle shots, found a cave and hid in it for a night and a day while the Apaches hunted him. One warrior came within six feet of the dark corner in which he crouched, but never saw him. After the war party moved on, the guide emerged to carry the news of the slaughter to Presidio del Norte.

The war went on until only the settlements of Presidio and El Paso remained in the Big Bend. In all the fighting the giant Mimbreno chief, Mangas Colorado —Red Sleeves was active. With 200 braves he attacked the mine settlement of Pinos Altos, seeking revenge for the terrible whipping he had received there. The miners—recently reinforced by a strong detachment of Arizona Guards—beat the Apaches off. Seething in disappointment, Red Sleeves struck next at a Government wagon train attempting to reach the Mimbres River. The veteran drivers and freighters refused to panic, quickly "ringing" their wagons under fire and then settling down with rifle and six-gun to hold off the raging Apaches until troops appeared to rescue them.

FATE finally played its unpredictable hand in allowing Mangas Colorado to even his bitter score with the miners of Pinos Altos. Apache scouts brought him word that a party of fourteen miners was moving cross-country toward Apache Pass. Fourteen miners to pay with their lives for one beating—that seemed fair to Red Sleeves. Yet the ambush would have to be cleverly set up, for these were hard-rock miners—not green cavalry led by youthful lieutenants. The giant chief sat down to think, smoking a fancy briar pipe taken from the body of a White Eyes . . .

Two miles from the foot of Apache Pass a gully transverses the flats, cutting the trail to the Pass. Travelers are upon it before seeing what lies in its shallow depths. On this blue, burning-hot afternoon, the fourteen miners approached the gully with no thought of

The great Apache Chief Mangas Colorado.

lurking danger. Suddenly, out of the very earth before them, burst Mangas Colorado and his whooping braves. Seven miners fell at the first accurate blast of Apache fire; of the seven that fleetingly remained alive, Red Sleeves strangled two — slowly, horribly, with his great bare hands.

The puckered, ghastly scars on the chief's disfigured back somehow felt better after that . . .

Now, with his score evened with the miners, Mangas Colorado hurried to a delayed rendezvous with Cochise. Nothing moved on the desert without the Apaches knowing all about it, and the chief's scouts had brought him word of a large force of soldiers advancing from the west toward the Pass. The soldiers numbered about three hundred — too many for Red Sleeves to tackle on his own. He needed Cochise and his Chiricahuas to fight this many White Eyes, particularly since there were two mysterious-looking objects mounted on wheels with the troops. Mangas Colorado had no way of knowing that these objects were artillery, but some strange sixth sense warned him that they were "big medicine." Nevertheless, the enemy foot-soldiers moved slowly over the desert under the blazing Arizona sun; there would be ample time to prepare a deadly ambush in the Pass . . .

Captain Thomas Roberts, commanding three companies of infantry and one troop of cavalry, feared no danger. Apparently considering his outfit of California Volunteers strong enough to take care of any possible Apache attack, Roberts moved into the deep-cleft, narrow Pass without even bothering to throw out screening scouts or flankers. Slowly the bone-weary troops began the steep ascent toward the springs and the abandoned stage station at the top of the divide.

Two-thirds of the way up not a sound had broken the ominous stillness. Another forty feet—and all hell broke loose in Apache Pass. A single war whoop signalled the attack, given probably by Red Sleeves or Cochise. Bullets and arrows poured down upon the troops from the rocky walls on either side. The soldiers rallied gamely from their first shock of surprise, but there was nothing to shoot at save puffs of smoke far up the canyon walls. Roberts barked an order, the bugler blared retreat, and the troops moved back out of the Pass in good order.

OUT of range of the Apache rifles, Captain Roberts conferred hurriedly with his second in command, Captain John C. Cremony. Both officers realized that they must reach water soon, or the tired, thirsty troops would be in no condition to fight. They had marched forty miles that day, through choking dust and savage heat. The springs at the top of the Pass were their only salvation they *must* be taken.

Doggedly the infantry again advanced into the Pass. Fighting every step of the way against the screeching warriors hidden behind their rock ramparts, the Californians pushed on. They reached the abandoned stage station before the slow advance bogged down in the face of the deadly Apache fire. Mangas Colorado and Cochise had stationed their best shots, armed with their best rifles, on two peaks commanding the springs and affording a clear field of fire. Red Sleeves was jubilant, knowing that the dog-tired troops could never storm the peaks in the face of heavy fire. In his exultation the chief completely forgot the mysterious big medicine—the two howitzers in Roberts' command.

The C.O. sent a courier scurrying back with orders to bring the cannon into firing range. The gunners, eager to start throwing shells at the pesky redskins, overturned one of the guns right beneath the enemy's lofty position. Bullets spatted the rocks around them, and the gunners broke and ran.

In this tight spot Sergeant Mitchell, of the cavalry, jumped into action. Leading six of his men, Mitchell raced forward through the whining, ricocheting bullets, righted the howitzer and coolly maneuvered it into firing position. Not a man was hit in this daring exploit—the Apaches, firing almost vertically down from the heights, over-shot with every bullet.

The booming howitzers turned the trick. Faced with cannon fire for the first time in their fighting experience,

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MEANEST CAYUSE

By JOE E. DASH

This horse was a bad'un, but for $22, Lew Stone would mount anything that wore hair.

Illustrated by Randy Steffen

YOU might have heard of wild horses which were killers and hard to top off. This affair happened back in the early 80's, when the longhorn cattle herds were trailed from Texas into this northwest country, and, of course, many bad horses came in with the trail herds.

Lew Stone, considered one of the best bronc twisters in that day, also came in with the trail herds to settle down around this little cowtown of Spokane. Folks said that Lew could ride anything that wore hair and top off the worst killer cayuses ever born. People hereabouts said that no horse, bad or otherwise, ever put Lew to eating gravel. But Lew believed in one thing: that there never was a cayuse that couldn't be rode, or a cowpoke that couldn't be throwed.

One day, Homer Shinn, the man who ran the Black Hawk barn and breaking corrals, brought in a man-killing cayuse from Cabbage Flats, near Pine Creek. This animal was 8 years old before a rope ever touched his broad neck. No rider that ever tried to top him off lasted more'n two jumps. Seemed like this inborn cayuse always had the few extra twists and tricks needed to set a man afoot.

However, everybody in this neck of the woods knew Lew Stone, the bronc twister, and Lew was the man they wanted to see tackle this horse. Folks around this little cowtown were sort of betting people, and anything which spelled dynamite in the raw was a show. And when the town got word that Lew Stone was at the Black Hawk breaking corrals, excitement ran high. They came a-running to the stables to see the fun. But Lew, seeing the crowds, wasn't going to ride this killer horse just for fun.

"Folks," he said, "you all want to see me top off this piece of animal dynamite. Fine, I'll do my best; but what about making up some kind of purse? I'd like to get something out of this besides a broke neck."

Old cowhands, perched on top of the corral poles, stretched themselves and dug deep into their jeans; others, too—storekeepers, clerks and a banker or two—tossed in a dime, a quarter, even a half dollar into a hat. When they counted the proceeds, they found they had collected $22. Lew thought that was all right—he could take a chance on the worst one for that.

But don't get me wrong; Lew knowed what he was up against—the dirtiest, orneriest, hell-for-leather killer-cayuse around. Still the deal was made.

Lew had to ride this animal down the gravel and dirt streets and bring him back to the Black Hawk breaking corrals.

LEW went to work. It didn't take him long to saddle him. This horse had been saddled so often he didn't mind that. He was just waiting for the next act, to see that thing in chaps on his middle.

Then, suddenly, before anyone knew what was happening, Lew was straddle of him, and that hunk of solid dynamite took to the air.

That cayuse went up, sailed around awhile in the sky, and came down stiff legged on all fours. Then he straightened out to begin his dirty work. He bawled blue blazes. He sun-fished, side-swiped, tried to roll backwards, did everything possible to get that thing off his back. He bucked and pitched and whirled. Now and then he showed his wide belly to the sky, to sun it for a while. Lew knowed by this time that he was atop the orneriest thing that ever wore hair.

That cayuse bawled and snorted, then nosed straight into the open doorway of a Chinese laundry. Shirts and skirts and other fancy washed raiment were scattered everywhere. When he came bucking out through to the street again, people held their breath. They knew they were looking at a chunk of living dynamite.

Then to the sidewalk, and right through the door of another wash-house horse and rider went. When the cayuse came bucking out this time, he had several shirts wound around his front legs. This gave him fits and he went plumb loco.

Suddenly he crashed into Dempsey's general store. The crash of dishes, utensils and tin ware testified that hell broke loose inside the store. Out once more on the gravel and dirt street, he went at it again and headed for the city dump, then to the river's edge.

The crowds whooped and yelled. It was some show! When the maddened bronc was about to sweep into the raging waters, Lew swung out of the saddle. The crowds judged that this was the end of the show, but Lew had another idea; he had to ride that cayuse back to the Black Hawk breaking corrals before he could collect the money.

LEW took after him down the river shore line. The crowd, whooping and yelling, ran with him. And down the Peaceful Valley shore the current tossed the cayuse toward the banks. That hell-for-leather bronc finally got a foothold and landed amid some river brush and willows. The reins caught around some weeds. This gave Lew his chance. He

(Continued on page 39)

Somewhere in Arizona, the skeletons of the dead guard

THE LOST PADRE MINE

By J. CHARLES DAVIS

Illustrated by Brummett Echohawk

WHAT is a true story of the Old West? How do we know it is true when everyone connected with it is long since dead and little, if anything, can be dug out of the histories? Even histories err at times. We may KNOW that So and So is a crook and should be behind bars, but, if we were called upon to do so, COULD WE PROVE IT?

I believe the story of the fabulous LOST PADRE MINE is true. I have verified as many details as possible, consulted all available records: I have talked with two men who claimed to have seen it. I was given a map by one and the other sketched a map for me and they checked in every particular.

Yet, all I really know is that there was actually a LOST PADRE MINE. There are records of three Lost Padre Mines, one in California, another in Mexico, and the third in Texas. NONE OF THESE THREE IS THE MINE OF THIS YARN. It is supposed to be in Arizona.

LOST MINES OF THE OLD WEST by Howard D. Clark, Ghost Town Press, Buena Park, Calif., 1951, gives an account of it. A similarity of the account of the hiding of the mine by the Padre is noteworthy.

LOST MINES OF CALIFORNIA, by R. W. McAllister, Thomas Bros., Los Angeles, San Francisco and Oakland, 1953, places it in Texas. The title of this book is confusing. The cover bears the name LOST MINES AND TREASURE OF THE SOUTHWEST while the title page reads LOST MINES OF CALIFORNIA AND THE SOUTHWEST. LEGENDS AND LORE OF THE LONG AGO is a compilation of factual accounts contributed by the Club Women of Ventura County (Calif.) and directed by Mrs. D. W. Mott, Wetzel Publishing Co., Los Angeles, Calif., 1929. It contains one of the best and most complete accounts of the Lost Padre Mine, giving approximate location. Here again we have it in California. The account was written by Victoria C. Sheridan.

The story is so fantastic no one could be blamed for thinking it fiction. In spite of that, I believe it to be true. Here it is, take it or leave it.

The names of some of the characters have been changed, for obvious reasons. The location given is NOT where the mine is supposed to be. I have no wish to send anyone on a wild goose chase, a search that might well be fatal in the tough country where the mine is said to be located.

J. C. D.

I FIRST heard of the Lost Padre Mine on the set of my studio in Hollywood where I was shooting the interior scenes of one of a series of Western pictures. The real thing: no faking, no drugstore cowboys and no phony Indians. I have produced a lot of Westerns, and the press notices and reviews that I prize most are those that praise the authenticity, the accuracy of detail, "The evident careful checking of details so that the viewer gets a true picture of the Old West."

One of my "actors" was a grizzled old cowhand who had turned to the movies when he got too old to punch cattle, and, as he put it, "there ain't no more cows to punch and there ain't no more range left." Most studios making Westerns then avoided his type. All of their cowboys had to be young and handsome, "drugstore cowboys" they were called, and if they happened to be on the pansy side, who cared?

If you wanted to find any of the real old-time cowpokes in Hollywood, you'd locate them on our sets. Well, to get back to our mine and what started it all: Gotch-Eared Sam (he'd lost a slice out of one ear in a fracas in Dodge City during the lustier days) wanted to talk to me, bad.

I supposed it was a touch. In those days, the late nineteen twenties, salaries were not what they are now and just about every one of the extras (and some of the stars) were always drawing money in advance. I was mistaken. Sam wanted to talk to me about a mine that would make us both rich. All he wanted from me was a grubstake to outfit for the trip. I've always been a sucker for lost mines, so we drifted over to the Quick and Dirty cafe for a couple of cups of java and he spun his yarn. Seemed there was a mine called the Lost Padre and it was rich beyond belief. The sides of the mine were covered with leaf gold and he had a map—but let Sam tell it.

GOTCH-EARED SAM'S STORY: "The mine's called the Lost Padre an' an Injun, Eagle Claw, you remember him—you used him in a lot of pitchers—tells me about it. I did him a good turn once; he sorta figgered I saved his life, so he cuts me in on the deal.

"Way back before the Americans came, the Padres built a Mission over in Arizona. They converted a lot of the Injuns an' the Padres noticed some of the squaws wearin' gold ornaments. They asked about it an' the Injuns told 'em about the mine. They had no use for gold in them days; it was too soft to make knives, spear or arrow heads out of, so they give the gold to the squaws who made necklaces an' trinkets outa the stuff. You know how women are.

"The upshot of it was, the Chief took a Padre to the mine. It was sorta hidden behind a kinda natural rock wall an' a tunnel led into the mine. It's really a cave, so Eagle Claw tells me, an'

"When Eagle Claw's light hit the wall of the cave, I heard his breath go out like the wind through the trees at night. The walls looked like solid gold."

there's so much gold the good Padre could hardly believe it. He put the Injuns to work hauling the gold out and that's where all the Sacred Vessels, the decorations on their robes an' the statues of the Saints got made from solid, pure gold.

"Then Marshall made his strike an' white men an' Mexicans swarmed from all over an' the law got outa' hand. There was killin's an' worse. Joaquin Murietta, Three-Finger Jack, Black Bart an' plenty others raised hell. The Padre was afraid the gold seekers would learn about the rich Padre mine an' that meant big trouble. So, accordin' to Eagle Claw, the Padre had all the Injuns who'd been workin' the mine to meet inside the mine. Now this part don't make sense to me but Eagle Claw swore it was true; all the Injuns who knew about the mine was killed, their bodies left in the mine an' the entrance sealed up with rock.

"One Injun, the Chief's son escaped, somehow. He never told no one about it, bein' afraid. When he was plenty old an' ready to cash in, he called his oldest son an' after swearin' him to secrecy, told him the story, give him a map and that's the way it went, from father to son 'til it reached Eagle Claw. An' like I told you, he give me the map."

HERE Sam pulled an old weather-beaten leather billfold out from inside his shirt and showed me the map. I asked him what had happened to Eagle Claw, not having seen him for some time.

"I'm comin' to that," Sam said. "Eagle Claw was educated and figgered if he could find that mine, he'd never have to work no more. He knows a Mex, Garcia Martinez (that wern't his real name, but the one he went by) what lives in a shack on Terminal Island. The Mex has a truck and tools for diggin' the gold out, so Eagle Claw makes a deal with him: the Mex is to supply the truck, tools, food an' whatever is needed an' Eagle Claw will take him to the mine an' they'll split it down the middle. Eagle Claw won't give Garcia the map, not trustin' him too much.

"When they're ready to leave, he comes to see me, gives me a copy of the map an' tells me if anything happens to him, I was to have the whole thing. I saw 'em leave. Garcia had a couple young fellows along to do the work, another Mex an' a nigger.

"The only one that comes back is Garcia. His truck is shot full'a holes. I know 'cause I went down to see him, bein' kinda worried about Eagle Claw. Garcia was pretty drunk on *tequila*. Prohibition didn't mean nothin' down on the San Pedro water front. He told me they found the mine an' it was just like Eagle Claw had said; skeletons of lots of dead people in the mine; lots of Sacred Vessels was stored there an' sure enough, the walls just dripped gold.

"Garcia pours hisself another water glass full of that white poison an' drunk it down like it was water. I asks him where's Eagle Claw an' the other two he took with him. He never bats an eye but tells me how they was attacked by a gang of bandits; Eagle Claw an' the others was killed but he gets away. That explains the bullet holes in the truck. Me, I think he killed 'em an' somethin' musta scared him away.

"'I made a deal with Garcia to take me there with his truck. He don't worry me none; I'm pretty fast with a gun and can handle myself. 'Sides I'll take along a couple of good hands I can trust. To hell with Garcia an' his tramps.'

"What do you want a grub stake for?" I asked. "You've got your truck, a driver and tools."

"To outfit the men I'm takin', both right handy with a gun, an' for food. Garcia's broke. He's been runnin' booze an' I guess he forgot to take care of some of the boys. Anyway, they knocked him over an' it took all he had to pay the fine."

SOUNDED logical and I told him I'd look into it, check the files and see if there really was any record of a Lost Padre mine. That satisfied him and he gave me the map, which I promised to return. I did, after I'd had it photographed and blown up so I could get all the details.

I found some dope on the Lost Padre but not much about it. Sam and I went down to see Garcia at his place on Terminal Island. He was as drunk as Sam predicted. Sam introduced me as the man who was going to grub stake the deal. Garcia lived in a dirty shack near the waterfront, a filthy place, overrun with those big rats you find along the wharves. It stunk of filth, rats, and bad liquor. I was glad to get out.

The truck was there, bullet holes and all, and I was beginning to get interested. Then I had the company on location and when I got back, I learned that Sam had been killed in an accident. I

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All on one line

History's most spectacular horse race was also man's greatest mass struggle for a home.

ONLY the prairie wind was calm that late summer day in 1893 when something like 100,000 pioneers lined up around the edges of the "Strip," about to launch what historians have called "the greatest contest for a home ever known to man."

Out of the clutter and dust and nervous shuffling about of the waiting homesteaders, the Widow Fowler led her children as near to the edge as the armed soldiers would allow, and said: "Now, observe this closely. Today you will see history in the making."

The wide-eyed children observed. The spectacle they witnessed that day was one they never forgot—the last and the wildest wresting from the Red Man of the final fragment of his continental empire . . . the claiming and settling of more than *five million acres* between noon and sunset of a single day!

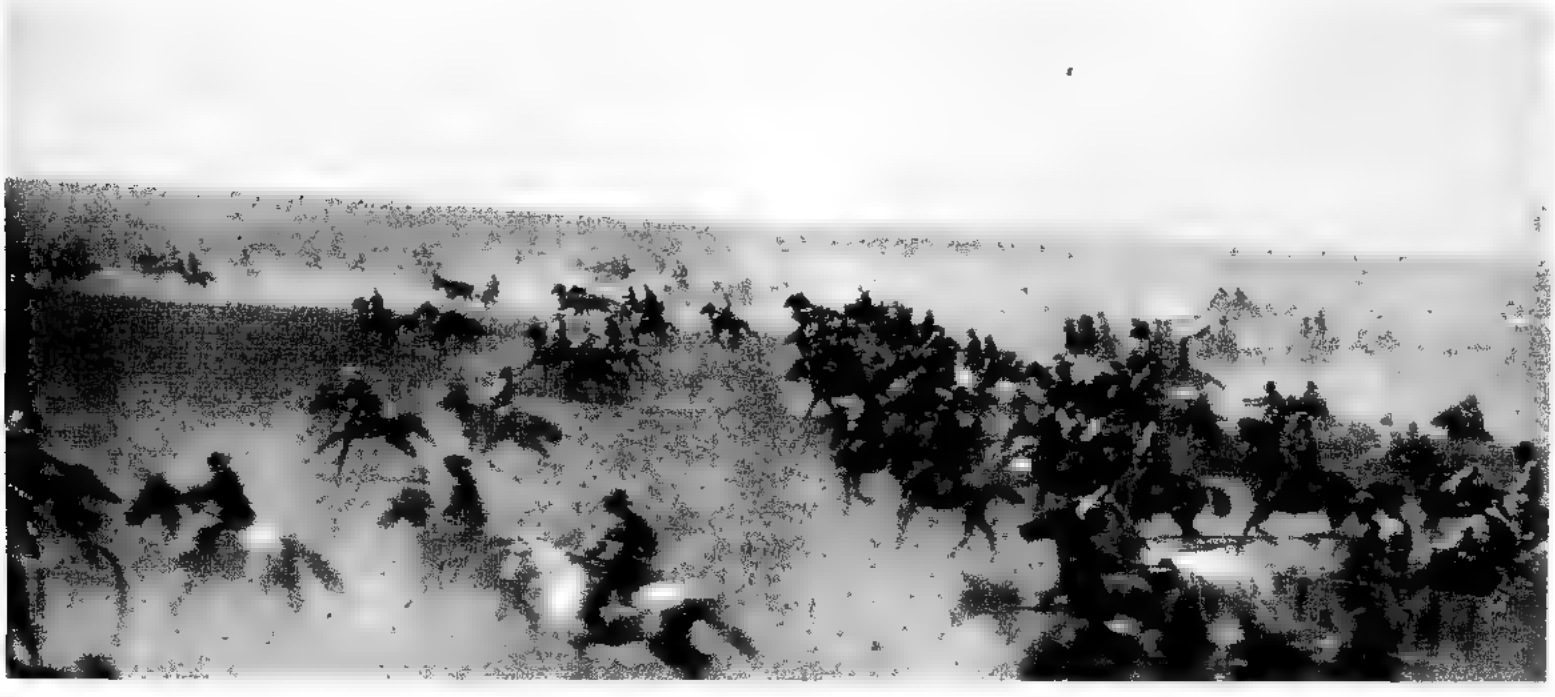
Biggest of the land openings giving Indian Territory to homesteaders, this was the famous Cherokee Strip Run, the last great land grab, and the most spectacular horse race conceived by man.

Bigger than Rhode Island, Delaware and Connecticut combined, the "Strip" was a narrow corridor, 226 miles long and 58 miles wide. It lay adjacent to the south border of Kansas between the 96th and 100th meridians, and encompassed eight million acres of rich untrampled valleys, lush prairies, and sparkling, woods-bordered streams. The Arkansas River, then navigable to the Kansas border, brawled through the eastern section, while the sometime salty and always sandy Cimarron spread its wide shallow waters through the red, sculptured cliffs of the western part. And over it all the prairie grasses grew rich and tall.

Given earlier to the Cherokee tribe as a hunting ground when that great Indian nation was moved from Georgia, the "Strip" was now being taken back and turned over to homesteaders, hungry for new lands and for a new start. The clamor for settlement had deafened officials in Washington until finally they'd gone back on their treaty with the Cherokees and bought the land for eight and one-half million dollars—about $1 40 per acre!

Seven counties were created out of the

The break of the great Cherokee Strip Race, September 16, 1893—one of the most outstanding moments in American history.



OKLAHOMA

okee Strip!

By J. M. COKER

Photos by the Author

tract. Land offices for filing claims were set up at Perry, Alva, Enid and Woodward. Land was reserved for parks and public buildings, and every 16th and 32nd section set aside for school land, to be sold to support public schools. It could not be filed on, but could be bought. Disappointment over school land was one of the tragedies of the Run, for few settlers had money to buy these sections.

GOVERNMENT surveyors marked off the entire Strip and placed stone markers at the corner of each quarter-section. Many of the prairie fires on the day of the Run were caused by people burning off grass to find these markers.

In addition to land set aside for other purposes, the Osage Indians were given a 1½ million acre reservation in the east end of the Strip, so only 27,000 quarter-sections were available to settlement on the opening day. With 100,000 ready to make claims, the tension and anxiety mounted as people awaited the proclamation setting the date.

"Bless the Lord and Prepare for the Grand Race" was the bold headline on the *Arkansas City Traveler*, when President Cleveland issued the order fixing 12 o'clock noon on Saturday, September 16, 1893, as the opening date. Immediately people began to congregate from every part of the nation, and the long wait to register began.

To avoid evils of previous openings and to prevent "sooners" from slipping in before the race officially began, prospective settlers were required to present themselves and register during the week prior to the Run.

Nine booths were erected at points around the Strip. Tables of pine boards were placed just outside the canvas tents where people must stand in line to register. Wells were dug for water and meager sanitary conveniences were provided, but there was no shelter from the blazing sun.

Anyone who was the head of a family, or 21 years of age, male or female, was eligible to register provided he had no homestead elsewhere. Obviously, the registration slip would be required later for filing claims.

However, this system caused the greatest hardship of the entire race, resulting in unnecessary suffering and unfairness. Slips sold openly and at exorbitant rates, and were not demanded at the filing office, after many had endured untold suffering staying in line to obtain them.

"Under the bright glare of a cloudless sky, we had to stand in line five days to register," a pioneer youth wrote to his mother. "A few lucky ones had umbrellas for shelter, but even that didn't stop the hot wind and choking dust. We saw strong men faint from fatigue, and a few suffered sunstroke."

SEVERAL items created the magnitude of this colossal land grab. Foremost was the fact that the horse race method would be employed. That was the supreme lure for adventurers. Each settler would carry a claim flag, and the first to down a stake on a quarter-section or a town lot would become the owner. As a result, too often it was the last man with six-guns to force his claim who got the land.

Extreme drouth gripped the Southwest, and the national panic of 1893, closing banks and tightening credit, had made the year a rugged one on the frontier, causing men to think of greener pastures.

This would be the greatest Run of all, and stakes were high for all who headed Stripward that summer. The last great frontier was beckoning, and for those who had squandered earlier chances, this was the final hope of starting anew on virgin soil. For shysters, peddlers and speculators, such a congregation of people offered the acme of opportunity. For the young it was a matchless adventure.

The glamor of this region had grown from the days of the buffalo, the Chisholm Trail, and the era of enormous cattle drives, when millions of Texas longhorns crossed the Strip to Kansas rail centers.

It had been the refuge of reckless men, flaunting the law, who hid out in its ravines and robbed trains on the three railroads which crossed the Strip after 1885. And all who returned from the area told of its rich land and fine pastures waiting to be claimed.

Arkansas City, Kansas, a fledgling border town of 4,000, became a focal point of entry to the Strip and did a brisk business outfitting pioneers for the Run. Horse-traders were giddy with business, blacksmiths worked overtime making canteens from tin pans, and carpenters prepared buildings in sections, ready to be hauled over the border and set up.

Down at Newman's Store gingham was selling for 6 cents a yard. Eggs brought 12 cents per dozen, and coffee 10 cents a pound. Stores were soon depleted, and the postoffice was forced to set up several sub stations to serve the 75,000 people camped about the town, wearily awaiting the opening.

Every town along the border had the same visitation of hordes of people who vanished into the new land the day of the Run. Arkansas City registered 30,000 claimants, Caldwell 15,000, Hennessey 15,000, and the other booths had like numbers.

ALL the waiting lines were scenes of confusion and discomfort. The drought is poignant in the memory of "Strippers" yet living today, who invariably approach the topic with.

"The weather was hot and dry. Dust, blistering wind, and heat added to the misery of standing in line . . ."

Enterprising youths made money selling water at 10 cents a cup. One young tycoon reaped a small fortune by making a tubful of lemonade from one lemon, and a bucket of soup from one onion which he sold for 10 cents a bowl.

But those in line were orderly and patient. They joked, laughed and sang songs like this one:

"Come get you a home in 'Homa
Come get you a home in 'Homa
There the 'taters grow tall
'Cause they plant 'em in the fall
And they eat 'em tops and all—in 'Homa!"

With registration slip in hand, the Boomer went back to his tent-home to await the Run into the promised land. There were no rooms to rent, no houses. People lived in their covered wagons, in tents, or in the open.

Women cooked on open campfires, washed, and kept the children in tow. Men gathered firewood, greased their wagons or mended harness. And everyone visited with neighbors who might have come from the opposite side of the nation. As they talked, they gazed longingly across the line where the beckoning land rolled on as far as the eye could reach—a medley of winding streams, rank pastures, and purple hills.

Townspeople put pallets and cots in their living rooms and halls to accommodate all the strangers they could, but the influx was too great to take care of everybody. Thick dust was on everything. Incessant travel along dirt streets kept the powdery silt in swirling pools under foot. And every gust of wind flung sand and street trash into the sweaty faces of pedestrians.

The air crackled with excitement, and nothing but Strip talk was heard on all sides. Elsewhere over the nation people discussed the coal strikes, woman suffrage or Texas Cattle Fever; clamored for Congress to help the drought-stricken farmers; or joined the Populist militia to intimidate the legislature. Congressmen were sawing the air with their silver arguments; the elite made trips to the Great Columbian Exposition in Chicago. But among the Boomers camped along the Cherokee Strip, every ear was strained for news of the Run, and the most urgent need was for a cupful of fresh water.

"All kinds of money-making schemes and games were in progress," a Kansas pioneer recalls. "I remember seeing a soldier make a man step who had gypped him in a 3-shell game."

The border towns were meccas for all kinds, classes and conditions of people; peddlers hawking their wares, barbers in their tents, shooting galleries, wandering minstrels, lunch counters galore; the candy maker, the merchant, the scissors grinder, the fakir and the blind at street corners . . . fretting children, women in parted skirts, brawny men, bronchos galloping at full speed through the street . . . and above all the din and roar of travel, the voice of a busy auctioneer splitting the air.

(Continued on following page)

Waiting for the run. Boomer camp on Strip border.

The townsite of Perry the day following the Cherokee Strip Run—utter wild confusion!

Among the waiting horde at Arkansas City were 17-year-old Eva Wright and her widowed mother, whose experiences were typical of the thousands who began the long, hot race into new territory—and further proof of the great part pioneer women played in settling the frontiers of America.

EVA was too young to get a claim, but she went along to drive a supply wagon for Walter Wintermute, her fiance, and his brothers Ed and Will, who were going on horseback. From their farm in Chautauqua County, Kansas, they had come to cook food and take meals to the men while they stood in line three days to register.

Now at last the waiting was over. The zenith hour had come! The morning of September 16 dawned with a bright sun, a clear sky, and a cool northeast wind.

Throughout the previous night the incessant noisy rumble of wagons moving toward the line was suggestive of a great army readying for battle. Long before dawn crowds began making their way to the railroad stations, where trains stood ready to pull out to the border, there to await the signal for the Run.

A faded newspaper clipping describes the scene in these words:

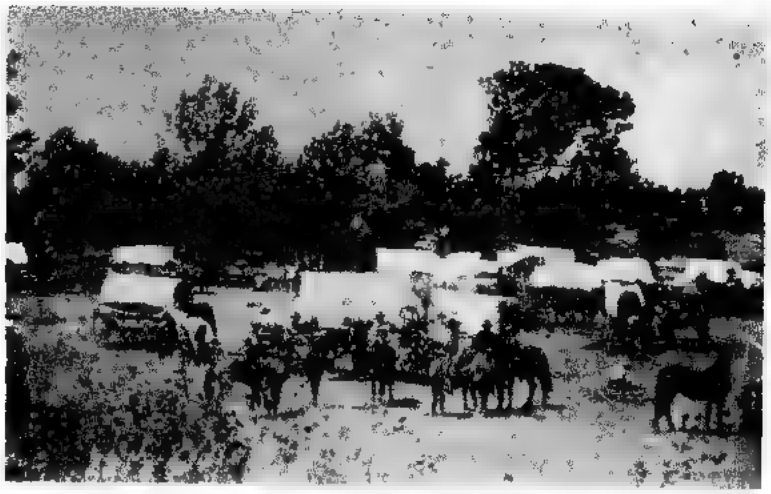
"The rush to get on the trains was awful . . . after the cars were full, people climbed on the roofs . . . they clung to the steps, invaded the engine, and even rode the coal tenders. People were so crushed in the doors could not be shut . . . but hundreds of disappointed ones were left behind unable to even get a foothold."

Belongings were loaded, horses saddled, wagons made ready. Settlers moving up to the line forgot the choking thirst, the heat, the weary waiting. Ahead lay the promised land—and a bright new tomorrow.

Mrs. Wright drove her own wagon. Eva took the supply wagon, accompanied by Art Skaggs, a 12 year-old boy employed by the Wintermutes.

The starting line was a sight such as our generation will never see. Every conceivable kind of conveyance was wedged in covered wagons, buggies, buckboards, spring wagons, carts, surreys, bicycles, home-made "chariots," every type of pioneer vehicle, to which were

The "Starting Line" was 226 miles long and defied description—a sight such as our generation will never see.



Left: Boomer camp near Arkansas City. Arkansas River in right background. Right: Waiting in line to register for claims in the Cherokee Strip. Man in direct center of photo, facing the camera, is Walter Wintermute, mentioned in story.

hitched ponies, mules, horses, burros, and big, fat farm teams.

"Look—even an ice cream wagon!" Art called as Eva urged her team into the bulging column.

In front of the line, ready to spring forward, were hundreds of horsemen on Texas cowponies, common horses, and fine racing steeds—thoroughbreds shipped from distant points and trained for weeks along the border—all champing their bits and fretting under restraint.

HUNDREDS of men on foot waited to start, canteens and blankets slung over their shoulders. Fully half the wagons carried women and children. Eva, in sunbonnet and calico, envied the women on horseback — some wearing parted skirts, some dressed in men's clothing. Overhead the clear blue sky was flecked with drifting white clouds, but Eva noticed the wind flapping her bonnet strings, so cool in the early morning, grew warmer as the sun reached its zenith.

Trains jammed with people—"with women clinging to guard rails, and men hanging from the engines and roofs like bees"—were in readiness with their pilots within a foot of the starting line. They were to stop every five miles to let settlers off, and were to travel no faster than a horse could run.

Troops rode along the line keeping back the crowd which, though good-natured and joking, continually edged up for a little advantage. Spectators to the rear sought every elevation offering a view of the long line, which a New York Tribune reporter described as "An inextricable confusion of men and horses as far as eye could see."

As the cavalrymen made their last rides up and down the line and starting time approached, the tension became too great for a few. A man named Hill, at Chilocco, broke from the line and, failing to halt at the soldiers' command, was shot from his saddle before the horrified onlookers. A similar incident occurred at Orlando, and the runner's brother instantly killed the soldier firing the fatal shot.

Suspense mounted to electric tension as the minute hand crept up to 12 o'clock. Riders fixed their feet firmly in stirrups. Drivers held a tight rein on their teams. The widow in her wagon uttered a swift prayer. All eyes were on the soldier, flying a white banner from his saddle—revolver in hand.

At high noon carbines cracked in the dry air. With exulting screams, the throbbing mob broke and fled. The Great Race was on!

Horses leaped into the air, shot out from the ruck, and dashed off across the prairie, leaping ditch and ravine, climbing bank and ridge. The fleetest were soon out of sight.

Dense clouds of dust obscured the line as men and wagons scattered out. Rigs broke down, horses stumbled and fell, people spilled out of buggies and buckboards, but the rolling mass moved on. When saddle girths broke, the riders continued bareback. When horses fell, their owners continued on foot. The Wintermute brothers were far out of sight before Eva had pulled ahead of the wagon line.

Engines began to heave and groan as the signal was given, but it seemed the trains would never start, so fearfully were they loaded down. The passengers, frantic at the delay, cursed the railway, cursed their luck, and swore vengeance. Once the train got moving, people dropped off like flies along the way to race for lots.

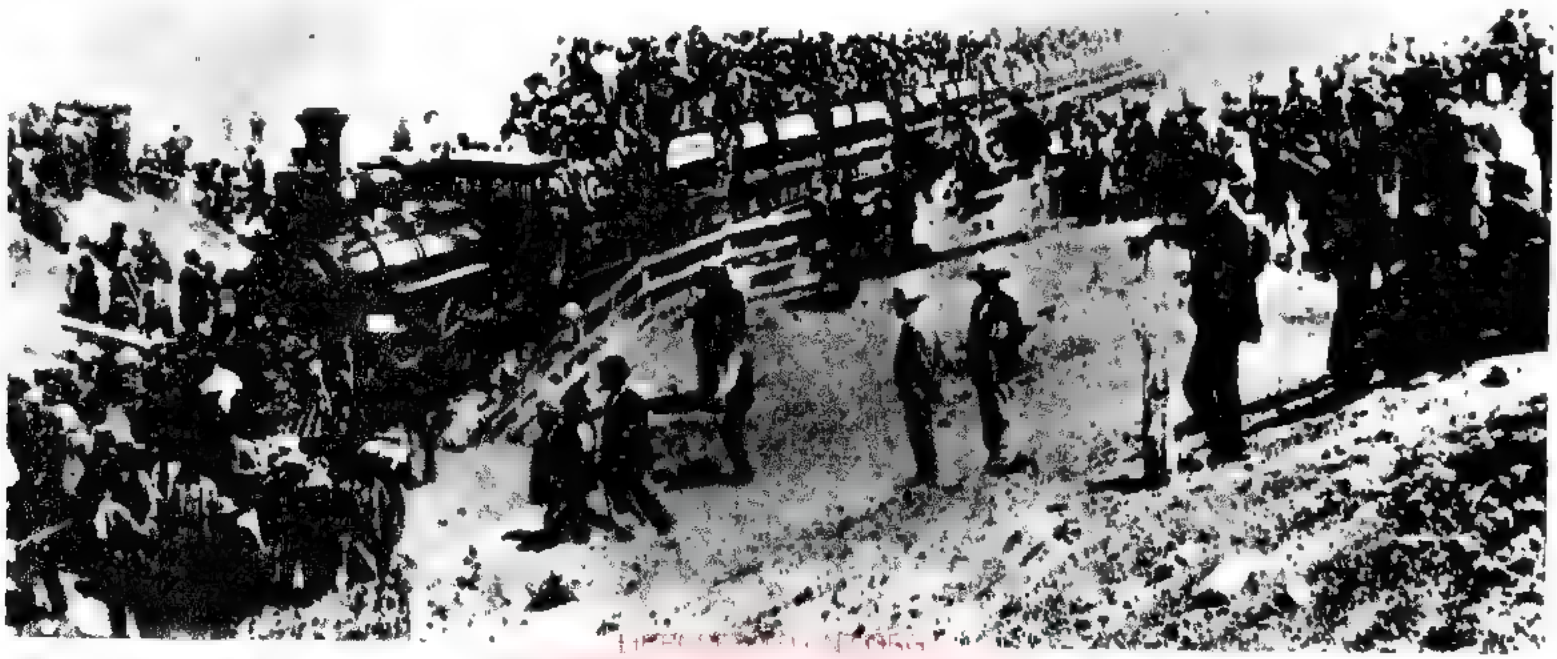
It was a time of awesome excitement. Men on foot could be seen planting claim flags, and in the far distance riders were dismounting to drive their stakes. And as the last of the rushing horde disappeared, the puff of dust left in its wake began to intermingle with ominous black smoke of prairie fires.

Many people fell victims to fires that day. Others, like Eva, survived only by driving in creek beds and gullies to escape the flames. When fires flamed around her wagon, Eva's team ran away.

"Across gullies and down the ravines we raced," she recalls, "the wagon swaying so I thought we'd turn over any minute. I yelled to Art to grab the back wheel brake and pull for dear life. I did the same with the front brake, and we

(Continued on page 36)

Train at starting line. Most of the settlers riding the trains were going to the townsites to seek town lots, but many dropped off along the way to claim farm land.



BATTLE AT GALENA SUMMIT

IDAHO

By DR. E. R. HARRINGTON

Even a near-champion prize fighter couldn't fist whip rugged John Riley into the notion of allowing sheep to graze on his range.

Illustrated by R. L. McCollister

IT was late spring in the year 1880. Along the north slope of Galena Summit, in central Idaho, the aspens were leafing out, splashing their pale misty green against the somber darkness of the pines.

Where a sparkling mountain stream cut through one of the aspen groves, Nephi Stratford, a Mormon who freighted between Challis and the rails' end at Ketchum, swung his plodding six-horse team off the road. Behind the ore wagon's high seat, Nephi's 12-year-old nephew, Joseph, lay barricaded in the ore, taking occasional potshots at imaginary Nez Perce warriors who lusted for his scalp.

"Get the feed bags for the horses," Nephi told the boy. "We'll noon here." He halted his team, climbed down and began to unharness them. Little Joe took time to shoot one last Nez Perce with his stick-gun before tossing down the feed bags. He followed them to the ground, then headed for the stream to investigate the fishing possibilities.

Nephi watered his horses, tied them to the wagon wheels and looped nosebags over their ears. Sounds came to him, and he lifted his head to listen. From up the trail came the excited barking of a dog and the faint bleating of a band of sheep.

The freighter reached for his Winchester and laid it across the spring seat handy to his reach. Carefully he folded a concealing blanket over it.

"Come here, boy!" he called to his nephew.

Joe came and stood beside his uncle. Silently they waited.

A cloud of dust rose from the trail ahead. Sheep straggled down the road and flowed like a woolly wave into the park under the aspens. The dog worked in a fury of sound and action to keep the sheep herded together. The man who followed behind apparently had little interest in where the sheep went or what the dog did about it.

If the man was a sheepherder, he was like none Nephi Stratford had ever seen. He wore flashy city clothes, high-buttoned yellow shoes, a checkered cap. He resembled the "sports" that Stratford had seen pictured in some of the cheap yellow-paper magazines he'd come across here and there.

The man caught sight of Nephi and Joe and came shambling toward the wagon. At a distance, he'd looked short; but as he came closer, Stratford saw that he was of more than medium height, with a great barrel chest and thick shoulders to match. He was heavily muscled and he looked tough. His hair was dark, his nose slightly out of line, and one of his ears was a little too thick at the top.

Nephi reached casually up to place his hand beside the rifle concealed by the blanket.

The newcomer came up, glowered at the freighter and growled: "Where'll I find John Riley?"

STRATFORD nodded back the way he'd come, but without ever taking his eyes off the man or moving his hand from the wagon seat. "That dust I see rising along my back-trail could be him." He paused, studying the husky stranger. "I guess you know that this is Riley's range, this side of the Summit."

The stranger grinned suddenly, displaying a mouthful of white teeth plentifully crowned with gold. "I've heard talk that Riley claimed this side," he said, "but we're fixin' to change his mind about that."

Abruptly he turned and stepped toward the stream, where he lay down to drink of the cold, clear water. Rising, he took off his wide-lapelled waistcoat and checkered vest and hung them over a pine seedling. Then he went into a strange sort of dance, lashing out with his fists at some imaginary object. He was amazingly fast for a big man—his movements reminded Nephi of those of a mountain lion. He flashed another golden grin at the freighter, but his eyes under the heavy brows were cold and hard.

"That's how I aim to coax Riley out of the notion that he rules this range," he growled.

Nephi lifted his hand from the spring seat at last. "Reckon I'll just hang around and see how you make out," he said.

Out of the dust-cloud that had been following Nephi emerged John Riley. He rode at a brisk trot, his reddish-blond hair glinting from under his hat. He was a big young man who rode tall in the saddle. He wore old cowboy boots, worn woolen pants, a sweat-stained shirt, and a battered black hat. A worn Colt hung in a shabby holster at his hip.

Riley rode up to the wagon, nodded to Nephi and the boy Joseph. "Howdy," he said casually. "Looks like we got some sheep here." He turned to the herder and his voice lost its casual note. "Stranger, haven't you heard that I don't allow no sheep this side of the Summit?"

The big man grinned at him. "I've heard it, but I don't believe it. I've brought my sheep over and I figure on grazing 'em here."

The two men looked at each other and their stares fought a draw. Riley's weathered face broke into a mirthless smile. "You don't look like a sheepherder to me," he said. "You look like something the Goodner boys on the other side of the Summit would send across. Didn't they tell you that I've been known to get sort of personal with some of the other herders they sent across?"

"They told me that you'd beat up a couple of their men," the stranger admitted. He moved closer to the man on horseback and said softly and menacingly, "That don't mean nothin' to me. Fist-fightin's my game. I've brought sheep to this side, and if you don't like it, you're welcome to climb down off that horse and do something about it!"

RILEY sat on his horse for half a minute, sizing up the new herder. Then he reined to one side, dismounted and tied his bridle reins to a bush. He unbuckled his gun-belt, looped it across the saddlehorn, then walked warily toward the stranger.

"Been expecting Fred Goodner to try something like this," he muttered. "Well, let's have at it!"

He threw a sweeping right at the herder's head, but the big man ducked it deftly, moved in and drove a stiff left into Riley's midsection. A vicious right uppercut to the jaw tumbled Riley—and

"The two met and traded murderous blows, tangled and went down in a choking, kicking struggle."

the stranger leaped forward, meaning to plant his boot-heels in Riley's ribs as he came down.

Riley rolled clear, and rose with an odd, surprised look on his face. A thin trickle of blood came from a corner of his mouth. He wiped the blood away, and Nephi Stratford saw a strange madness come into his blue eyes. Yet he moved in more slowly and warily than before.

The two met and traded murderous blows, tangled, and went down in a choking, kicking struggle almost under the feet of Nephi's horses.

This time it was the herder who rolled free, going completely under the wagon and coming to his feet on the opposite side. He came around behind the wagon to get at Riley again, and now each man's eyes held grudging admiration for the other.

The herder bore in, feinted with his left and crossed a terrific right to Riley's jaw that sent him reeling. But he didn't go down, and when he came storming back, he brought up a long looping right that dropped the herder.

The herder rose, gasping for breath. The two big men stood toe to toe and slugged with everything they had. There were no rules, no referee, no rounds, it was rough-and-tumble all the way. They fought until weakness overwhelmed them; rested briefly, glaring at each other, and fought again. Sometimes they were on their feet, swapping blows; again they rolled about on the ground, struggling and grunting and hammering.

FINALLY they crawled to their feet again and approached each other shakily. The herder swung a feeble right that missed Riley, but pulled the herder off balance. He fell heavily, with Riley falling on top of him. The last of the stranger's strength was gone; he made no move to get up.

Riley lay on top of the herder, gaining strength; then reached trembling fingers for the man's throat.

"That's enough!" the herder croaked. "I'm satisfied."

Riley rolled over onto the ground and sprawled beside the herder. The two of them lay there side by side, sucking air into their lungs in great gasps, and it was hard to distinguish which had received the worst beating.

After a time, Riley rose painfully to his feet. He stood spraddle-legged, looking down at his semi-conscious opponent for a few seconds, then walked toward his horse. He lifted down his gun-belt and buckled it about his waist. It was all he could do to drag his sagging body into the saddle.

He looked toward Nephi and the boy, and nodded toward the herder. "Take care of him, Nephi," he said hoarsely. "He's a good man—a good man!" Then he swung away from the camp and rode off, slumped across his saddlehorn.

Forgetting his noon lunch, Nephi Stratford loaded the badly battered herder onto the ore wagon and hauled him across the Summit to a newly erected sheep camp. There were several tents, a number of sheep wagons, and half a dozen bands of sheep. Obviously the camp waited only for the new herder's signal to move across the Summit to the north slope. Fred Goodner was there, waiting.

The herder climbed stiffly down from the ore wagon. "Well, boss," he grinned, "I tried but he was too tough. John L. Sullivan couldn't have handled *him!*"

Goodner examined the herder, noting his battered face and blackened, swollen eyes. "Well," he said dryly, "I can see that you *tried*, anyhow!"

He reached into his pocket and brought out a large wallet. From it he started counting out greenbacks into the herder's hand.

The big man objected. "You don't have to pay me. I guaranteed that job, and I didn't do it."

Goodner kept counting. "Makes no difference. You tried your best, and it sure looks like you earned your wages. Running sheep is like fighting, I guess. You win some and you lose some . . . I'm going to let Riley have that range in peace; he sure enough earned it this time! In a way, we always played square with each other. Riley never gunned me or my herders; I never hired gunmen to go after him. We just fought it out this way, and now it's his range for good."

IT was almost forty years later that I visited the Sawtooth Mountain country and rode across the Galena Summit in an old motor stage. John Riley still ran horses up north of the Summit. I saw him ride into Challis, a big gray-haired man, still riding tall in the sad-

(Continued on page 39)

THE PROMISE OF

AURORA

NEVADA

Aurora promised its inhabitants much, but wound up like all the other ghosttowns! forlorn, empty, with only the desert wind to mourn its past glory

By BOB and JAN YOUNG

GRIM prophecy was inherent in the names given the discovery of E. R. Hicks, J. M. Corey, and J. M. Braley, in August, 1860. The three prospectors were wandering through the low divide at the base of Beauty Peak, when Hicks spotted a quartz vein dully gleaming with free milling gold. After staking and recording four claims, Corey suggested the mining district be named "Esmeralda," a name culled from Hugo's "Notre Dame of Paris." (Esmeralda was a witch, finally gibbeted.) Corey suggested "Aurora" as an appropriate name for the future boom camp. Perhaps it was appropriate, for the town proved to be as brief in blooming as the Goddess of Dawn, after which the site was named.

Without benefit of hindsight, miners staked 400 claims by early November even as the three prospectors cashed out handsomely and disappeared. With ore literally being spooned from glory holes (none ever deeper than 94 feet) and so rich it clogged the amalgam

[illegible] Even California and Nevada [illegible] session of the town.

Back then, the California border was only a vague line marking the division from the Territory of Nevada. Until an official survey could be completed, Aurorans elected officials for both Mono County, California, and Esmeralda, T. N. Two judges — one from each district — presided over legal squabbles, the litigants being able to choose the one which they thought would give them the best shake.

Johnny Donovan may have had this in mind the morning he shuffled into the Cosmopolitan saloon for a spot of the old creature. As he tried to quiet his jangled nerves, Johnny became increasingly annoyed at the snores emanating from a man sleeping on the billiard table. Finally Johnny slipped a knife from his boot, and plunged it into the inert body. The law put the arm on Johnny and brought him before one of the judges. After some deliberation, Johnny was freed on the legal theory of justifiable homicide, the victim being considered a no-'count cuss anyway!

Issues of the Civil War were then more important than wanton murder anyway. And for some obscure reason, Aurora became a rallying point for sympathizers from both North and South. Though several rifle companies were formed, there was only one instance where definitive action was taken. When news of Lincoln's assassination reached the frontier town, a man named Judeigh (which has an odd similarity to Judas) openly celebrated, toasting Booth, et al.

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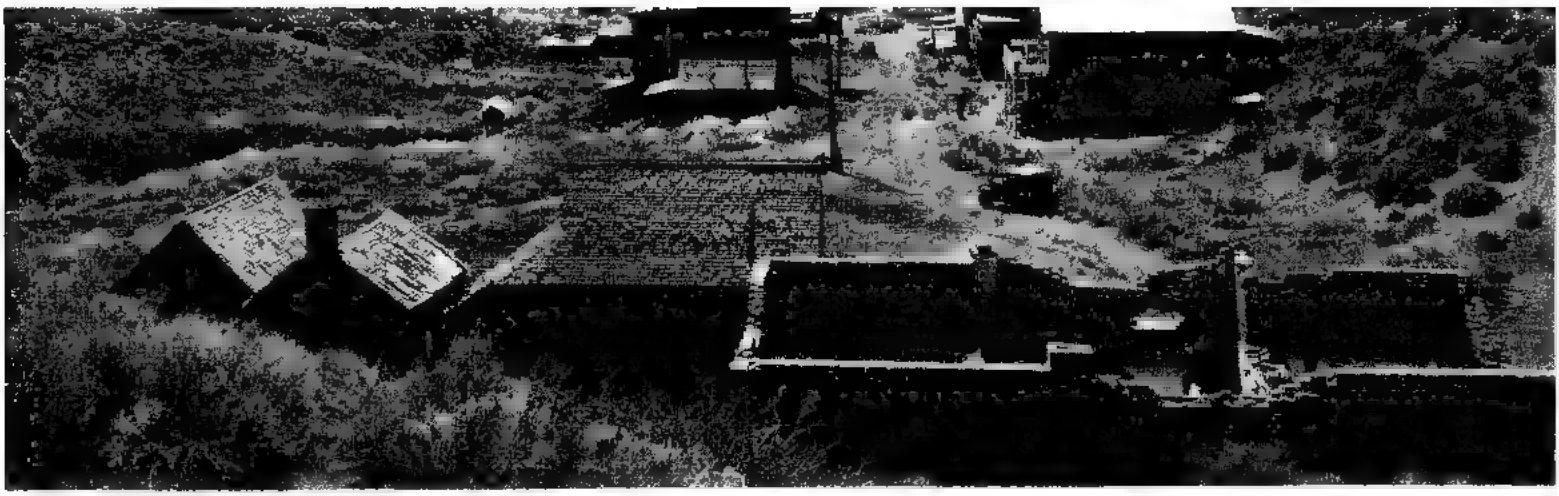
Feather's Photo Pomona, Calif.



Fresher's Photo, Pomona, Calif.

Main Street, Aurora, Nevada, as it appears today. What a change from the hell-roaring days of the early 60's!

The Union forces resented and collared him. Officers demanded he desist from further celebrations, and if he didn't, Judeigh would be sentenced to carry a 50 pound sack of sand to Fort Churchill, about 30 miles distant. Judeigh refused until he'd scuffed a mile or so through the Nevada desert, with the load on his back. It was hotter than a baker's apron, and Judeigh decided he needed a drink more'n his allegiance to the South.

MOST of the Civil War excitement was diverted into productive channels. In other Nevada towns, the historic Gridlet flour sack had been sold and re-sold, then the Buel Shoe Fund added thousands of dollars to the Sanitary Commission Fund, forerunner of the modern Red Cross. Pridefully, owners of the Wide West mine donated a piece of ore worth several hundred dollars. The rock was sold again and again for benefit of the Fund. Major E. A. Sherman, editor of the Esmeralda Star, later took the specimen of ore with him on an eastern trip. While there, he exchanged it for a piece of the Plymouth Rock, afterwards imbedded in the courthouse cornerstone, but vandals have long since removed it.

Other county buildings achieved notoriety after it was formally decided Aurora was six miles within Nevada. Officials had been paying $3,000 annually for rent of their building and reasoned it would be an economy to purchase the structure for $12,000. The obligation was undertaken with a series of bonds floated at 2 per cent a month interest! Taxpayers spent more than $50,000 to redeem these bonds, just in time to abandon the building when Aurora collapsed in 1864.

It wasn't odd political finagling, nor even its vast production of twenty-odd millions on which much of Aurora's fame hangs. This was one boom camp that spiked the guns of the ruffians. During the first three years, Aurorans dug about 65 graves—some as a result of sagebrush whiskey, some from the ministrations of poor doctors, but about 30 because they were poor shots. And as long as the hardcases shot each other, Aurorans considered it a job well done. But when the Daly gang shot W. R. Johnson, the town decided they'd had it.

The Daly gang, composed of Masterson, McDowell, Buckley, and its leader, had been responsible for a number of crimes, some openly, some covertly. The Wells-Fargo stages had been regularly robbed as they thumped down Virginia Gulch, and many of these hold-ups were the work of the Daly gang.

JOHNSON had been singled out for vengeance when he shot a former gang member caught in the act of horse stealing. Johnson, who operated a way station on the West Walker River a few miles from Aurora, arrived in town on February 1, 1864, to buy supplies. Hearing of this, one of the gang hired a decoy to lure Johnson into an ambush, while most of the Daly gang had an air-tight alibi. They not only shot Johnson, but cut his throat, then looted his pockets, and set fire to the clothes. Brazenly they reported a few minutes later that they'd seen a body alongside the road, but didn't stop to see who it was. Officers found Johnson, and even before they had investigated, a stool pigeon tipped them to the Daly gang's plan.

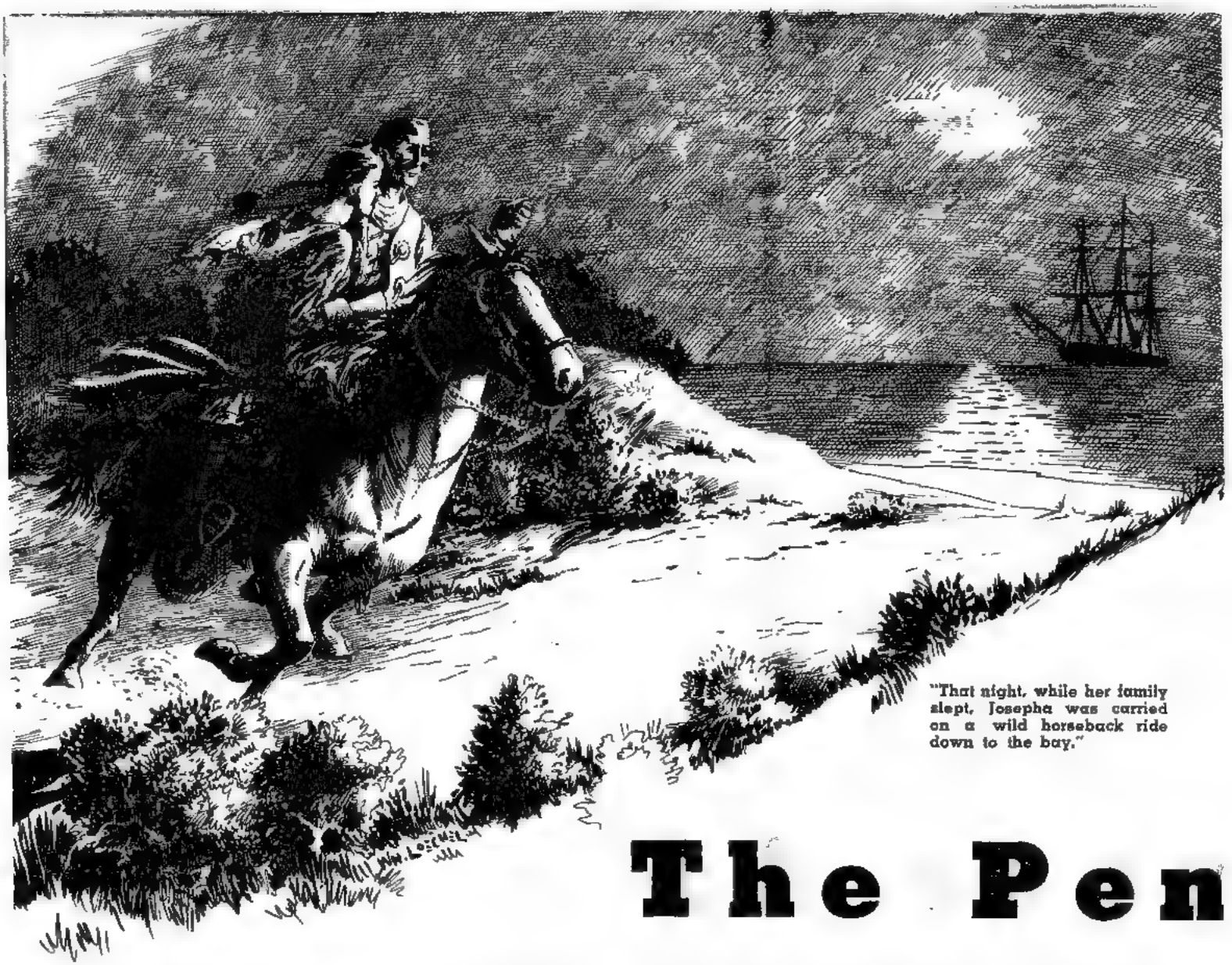
A few months before the murder, the Citizen's Protective Union had been organized as an outgrowth of the military groups. Bob Howland, recently elected

(Continued on page 38)

Antelope Street—lonesome, desolate, quiet.

Sprague-Chappell Tavern Inn.

Last Chance Saloon, scene of the town's greatest hell-raising.



"That night, while her family slept, Josepha was carried on a wild horseback ride down to the bay."

The Pen

THEY had waited so long!

It had been 1826 when the *Yanqui* captain first anchored in San Diego Bay, bravely risking a reception by cannon balls. The *Californios*, famous for hospitality to those of their own race and creed, were notoriously hostile to skippers from Boston.

But when Captain Henry Fitch fell victim, it was not to the old brass cannon at the harbor entrance—but to modest brown eyes.

Now it was three years later. The pear trees of Joaquin Carrillo's orchard were once more in blossom. His oldest daughter, Josepha, strolled in the fragrant moonlight with her lover. Near the thick adobe doorway, Dona Maria Ygnacia kept watchful chaperonage while amusing her younger daughters with stories of Spain and Mexico.

Even the youngest Carrillo girl knew her sister could not put the *Yanqui* off much longer; Josepha and *el capitan* were so deeply in love!

A faint mist from the bay drifted between the white-petaled trees. Josepha trembled and drew closer about her shoulders the tasseled shawl of yellow silk brought by the handsome captain as a souvenir of his last voyage.

"You are eighteen, Josepha," he pleaded as they walked. "Two years ago, when I gave my written promise of marriage, I could wait. Now I must sail again around two continents to Massachusetts, where hides and pelts may be exchanged for furniture and calicoes. Come with me this time! Do not torture me by making me wait longer!"

Josepha twined her fingers in the silken fringe, lest she forget her careful training and reach out to comfort him. "Do I not know that torture, too?" she sighed. "I hide my pain, since to show it might force my father to give his consent. *Padrecito mio* is unlike some fathers, who will lash their daughters into marriage. Yet, because of his very kindness, I cannot let him bear indignities because of me."

"But, *querida mia!* Darling! Surely, Echeandia would not dare—!"

"Hush!" Quickly Josepha glanced around. Dona Maria Ygnacia's story droned on. "Did I speak of our governor?"

"You had no need! All California whispers that it is because of you that he stays on here at the *presidio*, and deserts his proper capital at Monterey! His rheumy eyes miss not the slightest movement when you dance! He leers as smugly as though you were his, and why not? Who would expect that you should waste yourself on me, a foreign merchant sailor, when you might be first lady of the province?"

"You dare ask that?" Josepha's eyes misted with a sudden film of tears. "My father would need to be blind not to see the advantage of having the governor for a son-in-law. Yet even he, knowing what comforts might be mine as *Senora Gubernadora*, would never ask so bluntly!"

"FORGIVE me, my Josepha!" Captain Fitch bowed his head in quick remorse, then caught desperately at one corner of the yellow scarf that hung below Josepha's tight-clasped fingers. "Only reassure me you will never marry him!"

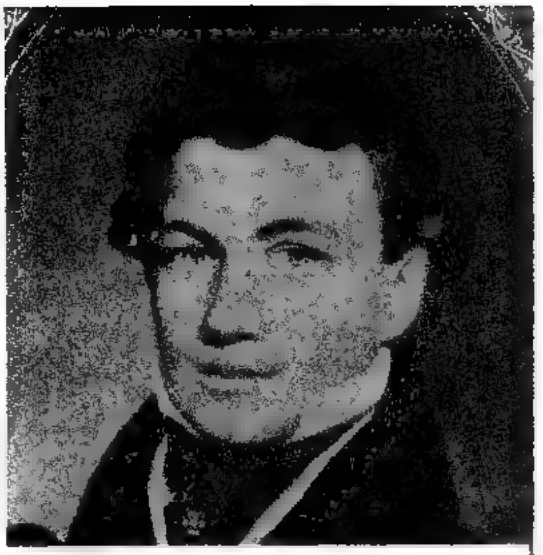
"Such a dried up prune?" Laughing gently, she drew the bit of silk away. "Have you not seen those spindly legs, and heard his hacking cough? Yet you feel jealousy?"

Shyly, she touched the sleeve of his blue uniform. "Your muscles are strong as the mountain lion's," she said. "Your blue eyes as clear as sunlight on a shallow sea. You smile—and every man in town gives you his trust. How could I wed another, having known you?"

"Then let your father set our wedding date! Surely, he's man enough to risk the governor's displeasure!"

"Man enough?" Josepha tossed her head, whipping her shoulders with her long, black braids. How little did this *Yanqui* understand men like her father! "Are wildernesses tamed, and savage *primitivos* ruled by cowards?"

"When my father was a young subaltern," she continued proudly, "Don Ruiz commanded here. It was he who planted



Union Title Insurance & Trust Co. of San Diego

Captain Henry D. Fitch, who became Mayor of San Diego after paying for his scandalous elopement by providing Mission San Gabriel with The Penance Bell.

A True Romance of Old California

By HELEN WATERMAN

ance Bell

this pear garden. One night Captain Ruiz invited his friends to a festive *tertulio*, and ordered my father to play his violin for the dancing. The party grew gayer and gayer. Then, about midnight, the *commandante* called for another repetition of his favorite tune. My father refused. Neither would give in, and at last the guests were sent home and my father put in stocks."

"But without playing the song again!" Captain Fitch pounded a hard brown fist applaudingly into his palm. "There is brave blood in your veins! I will go see your father tonight!"

As Josepha had predicted, Joaquin Carrillo did not refuse his consent, but many obstacles remained. Before the marriage might be performed, Captain Fitch must be baptized into the Roman Catholic Church.

Whistling gaily, he rode next day up the broad river valley to the Mission San Diego de Alcala. Puzzled and furious, he returned.

"A naked Indian is baptized easier than a Quaker!" he reported. "Hundreds of Indian neophytes are weeding the mission garden or building the dam, yet I get only delays and lame excuses!"

THE Carrillos and their friends shook their heads. Don Juan Bandini, their gentle, aristocratic neighbor, and young Pio Pico, destined to become the last California governor under Mexican rule, exchanged glances. True enough, marriage for this *Yanqui* was not going to be easy!

"The *padres* have to consider their own problems," they reminded Captain Fitch. "This is a poor time for Franciscan missionaries to antagonize the governor!"

"What has the governor to do with my being baptized?"

Josepha sighed. There, again! Her foreign captain simply didn't understand.

Already Echeandia was permitting Indians to form their own *pueblos*. Faced with the threatened loss of thousands upon thousands of acres of cultivated mission lands, why should Franciscans court reprisals by siding against the governor? Only Dominicans would dare . . .

Of course! Father Menendez, up on the hill—protected by the very same adobe parapet as was the governor—was a Dominican. Oh, it would be a priceless joke to have the baptism performed in the *presidio* chapel!

There would be danger. Other *Yanquis* had suffered from the governor's wrath. Had not Echeandia deported Jedediah Smith, first white man ever to cross from the Atlantic to the Pacific by land? And thrown the trapper, Sylvester Pattie, into jail? Still—!

"Go talk to my Uncle Domingo," Josepha suggested. "If anyone can help us, surely it should be the governor's aide!"

And so, today, records of the old chapel reveal that on April 14, 1839, with Alfredo Domingo Carrillo acting as godfather, the only son of Beriah and Sarah Fitch, born in New Bedford, Massachusetts, became through baptism Enrique Domingo Fitch.

Joyfully, but without fanfare, guests whose discretion might be trusted were invited to a quiet wedding, to be performed by Father Menendez next day.

Josepha and her sisters planned excitedly. Blouses and petticoats were laundered, velvets brushed, golden buttons and silver buckles shined. Blossoms must be entwined to form a bower, and the main *sala* swept and dusted as never before.

The newly-named Enrique went to summon his friend and countryman, Captain Richard Barry, whose ship, the *Vulture*, also rode at anchor in the Bay.

But as the wedding guests assembled, Josepha grew increasingly uneasy. What could be keeping Uncle Domingo? Father Menendez had arrived. The other witnesses were ready. If they delayed much longer, the crisp lace of her bridal gown would begin crumpling, like drooping pear blossoms. Unhappily she agreed that the ceremony must begin without him.

She crossed slowly to the bower and had just halted before Father Menendez when her uncle arrived, flanked by a guard of his own soldiers. He came not

(Continued on following page)

Casa Carillo, a restored fragment of the oldest adobe dwelling in Southern California: built originally by Don Francisco Maria Ruiz: the home of Josepha. Union Title Insurance & Trust Co. of San Diego

Present-day view of the Cooper home in Monterey, California, where Josepha and her baby were held prisoners.

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The Penance Bell

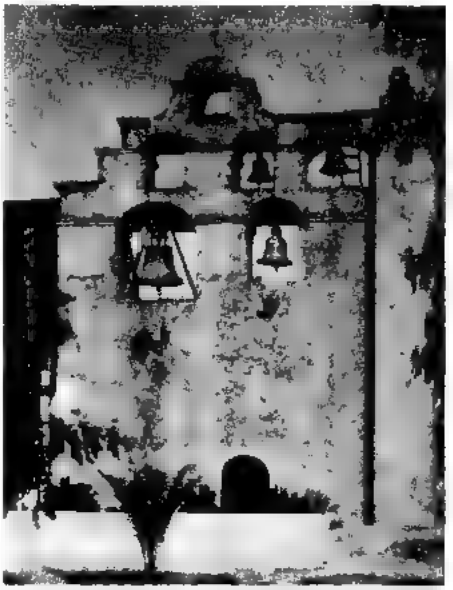
(Continued from preceding page)

as a smiling wedding guest, but as an emissary of the governor. Stiffly erect, despite the anguish that his set mouth could not hide, like a soldier he carried out his military orders. By official decree, this marriage was forbidden to be performed.

JOSEPHA stifled a scream. Her mother moaned. Her lover stormed. One of the younger children began crying. Josepha found herself encompassed by her father's arms, and hid her face against his shoulder.

No matter, now, how her bridal lace crumpled! All hope was lost! How foolish of Enrique, shouting insistence that the wedding should go on! Those *Americanos* had such strange ideas, that there was no connection between church and state!

Padre Menendez would be glad to marry them, but what could he do? For Enrique to argue was as silly as to suppose Uncle Domingo objected to their marriage, just because an army man must obey orders.



Union Title Insurance & Trust Co. of San Diego
Bell Tower of Mission San Gabriel as it appeared in the 1880's.

"But, surely, Father," the would-be bridegroom kept persisting, "those—in love have the right to wed!"

"The laws of God work in strange ways, my son," the gentle *padre* answered. "At times, the laws of man seem to surmount them. Yet seldom does right fail to find a way."

"What way is possible," Enrique demanded bitterly, "where a governor has such absolute power?"

"None, my son. None, where he has power. The only priest daring to marry you would be one, say, in Spain or South America! Outside of California."

Meekly the Dominican priest passed through the muttering guests, ready to return with Domingo Carrillo and the soldiers to the *presidio*. Josepha stared at him, but not once did he meet her eyes. His head was bowed, his gaze fixed on his folded hands.

Josepha glanced at her lover across the room, then quickly hid her reawakened hopes behind demurely lowered lashes.

This time, even her father must not know. She drew away from his protective arms. The back of one wrist smoothed her brow in tragic gesture. "Let me bid *el capitan* farewell."

With dramatically faltering steps she stumbled toward Enrique, who stood in a fairly secluded corner. Raising a hand, as though to wipe her eyes, between her face and those who watched with unmasked curiosity, Josepha whispered, "You must carry me away!"

His blue eyes widened, but to her relief Enrique gave no other sign of his surprise. "Away? How?" His voice was as low as her own.

"Pio Pico, my cousin," she reminded him, "is ready for whatever venture calls for daring. As a close kinsman, he might come to help us bear humiliation, and —and *adios*, my love, forever!"

NOTHING could seem more natural than for a disappointed maiden to stay secluded in her room, resignedly packing away reminders of her blasted romance. Josepha's wedding finery, the yellow shawl, all her most prized possessions, were locked in a leather chest. Souvenirs of happier days were distributed among her sisters. All she asked was to be left alone with her grief. No one could draw her into conversation until Pio Pico called.

He had been down to the harbor. Captain Fitch's boat had sailed away, and Captain Barry planned to leave that night. Obviously, the handsome *Yanqui* had accepted what must be. Would it not be equally wise for Josepha to reconcile herself? She might find solace in a little air and exercise, perhaps a walk in the pear garden.

That midnight, while her family slept, Pio Pico carried Josepha on a wild horseback ride. Around the bay, down the long strip of land that separated bay from ocean. To Point Guijarros, place of cobblestones, whose rocks, taken as ballast, paved streets in far off Boston.

The *Vulture*, Captain Barry's vessel, stood off shore, ready to clear the narrow harbor channel. In the shallows off Point Guijarros was a rowboat—and Enrique Fitch.

Swiftly exchanged embraces and God-bless-yous, a swaying rope ladder safely ascended, and Josepha felt the *Vulture* pick up speed and head to sea. Careful for the good name of his beloved, Captain Fitch had let his own boat leave without him, and had taken passage with his friend.

On July 3, in the southern hemisphere port of Valparaiso, a curate pronounced Enrique and Josepha man and wife.

Meanwhile, the little settlement at San Diego rumbled with scandal. It was rumored Josepha had been kidnapped, and there were vows of vengeance.

A whole year later, when Captain Fitch dared to return with fresh supplies from Boston, he found it wise to sail on up the coast, with his wife and baby son, to the harbor that now serves Los Angeles.

There Padre Jose Sanchez, ecclesiastical judge of the territory, summoned Fitch to trial upon serious charges. The young captain dispatched his marriage certificate to San Gabriel Mission, there to be entered as evidence. But he declined to surrender in person, and sailed farther north to Monterey.

HE had no sooner anchored at the California capital than he was arrested. Josepha and her baby son were also

(Continued on page 28)

I SAW THE . . .

WOUNDED KNEE MASSACRE!

An eye-witness account of a shameful affair that has been called "the blackest chapter in the proud history of the U. S. Army."

By MARVIN ALMON

(As told by John Y Nelson through interpreter John Lee)

MY father was John Y. Nelson, a white man. My mother was Jennie Buffalo Legs, a full-blooded Sioux Indian squaw, which makes me a rough and tough half-breed.

I don't remember the exact date, but it was just a few days before the outbreak of the Wounded Knee Massacre that I enlisted as a scout for the Army. At first I was just an interpreter and sort of recruiter for the officer in charge of scout enlistments, but as he didn't have enough men to make a battalion, I volunteered for active duty.

We were to patrol the Agency (Pine Ridge Agency) and keep everything under control as the Indians from the North and Northeast were gathering at Wounded Knee to start their Ghost Dance, a spiritual ceremony to which the Government objected. It called out the Army from Fort Robinson to stop the dances.

Early on the morning of the massacre, a unit of us scouts was sent to Wounded Knee, which was 17 miles from the Agency. Upon our arrival, we saw the Indians were surrounded by soldiers in a big circle down in a wide, flat ravine that came out of the creek toward the higher hills.

Cannons were placed on higher ground and pointed at the encircled Indians, consisting of men, women and children. We placed ourselves behind one of the many cutbanks. It was just deep enough so we could stand there protected and yet see the whole scene below us. As we watched, an officer ordered the Sioux to form a smaller circle within the outer circle of soldiers. The soldiers then started from one end to disarm the braves. This action was by officers and an interpreter named Wells, a half-breed.

All willingly surrendered their weapons till the last man was reached. That man was Chief Big Foot. He was dressed in a white canvas sheet-robe pulled tightly up over his head with just his face visible. He was suffering from pneumonia. When the disarming officer stopped in front of Big Foot, we saw the chief's white robe flung open and the flash of a knife. From where we stood we could not tell which man he struck, but later learned it was Wells he had knifed in the face.

A shot rang out and Chief Big Foot dropped to the ground. The officers then ran back to the outer circle of soldiers and must have given the command to fire. At the same time the encircling soldiers started firing into the now confused, disarmed, milling group of Indian women, men and children. The men were moaning and shouting, women crying and children screaming, all running for cover that were able to run. Many of the women had babies on their backs. It was a horrifying sight as we stood there and watched. This, I believe, is about the foulest trick white soldiers ever pulled, disarming Indians completely, then taking pot shots into helpless men, women and children, like ducks on a pond.

As the son of an old tough scout and guide, John Y. Nelson, Sr., I can usually stand a lot of rough and dirty stuff, but this was the worst I've ever seen up to this date, so help me God. It was truly a massacre and not a battle. The word battle is a respectable word and should not be used when describing the slaying of women and children. If any of those soldiers are alive today, I have often wondered if their conscience ever bothers them, if they have one, because of their frightful crime at Wounded Knee, South Dakota, on that bitter-cold December day in 1890.

The only consolation we saw was the fact that since the soldiers were standing in a large complete circle, the crossfire of their own guns killed about 40 of their own men.

Most of the Indians were running north along the creek, with the soldiers in pursuit, shooting the men, women and children in the back as they fled for their lives. There was nothing we scouts could do, so we went back to the Agency for further orders.

The soldiers returned to the Agency, and early the next morning we were detailed to bring back the wounded—those that had not died of the cold and their wounds. Another detail buried the dead on what the Army still calls the

(Continued on following page)

1954 photo of John Y. Nelson, taken at Pine Ridge, South Dakota.

Burying the dead Indians after the "Battle of Wounded Knee."

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Frontier Pix

Some members of the United States Cavalry who participated in the Wounded Knee Massacre.

I Saw the Wounded Knee Massacre

(Continued from preceding page)

WOUNDED KNEE BATTLEFIELD!

We moved all the pews out of the Episcopal Church to the Agency and made the church a make-shift hospital for the wounded. Then we set out for Wounded Knee, 17 miles away, with horses, several wagons and 4-horse teams. We, on horseback, rode ahead to look for the wounded. We found them in the ravines and along the creek in caves, holes and brush thickets. Some of them might have survived had they not frozen during the below-zero night, especially the women and children. All this was a very grim sight and task for us. As soon as we got a wagon load of the wounded, they would pull out for what medical attention they were to receive by our wives as nurses and one Government doctor. Many died in the church hospital where the Rev. Charles Cook spent endless hours directing the volunteers caring for them.

AS hardboiled and steelhearted as I am, I experienced two "shudders" that day on the massacre ground. Scout Edgar Fire Thunder and I paired off and went up a deep ravine looking for wounded or bodies. High up the bank to our right we noticed yellow cloth on something resembling a bundle. We climbed the bank and found a little boy of about 9 years, shot in one leg. He had backed into a hole, doubling up with his chin and knees together. He had frozen to death in that position.

The other "shudder" I received was this: A woman sent me word from the North that she had left the body of her little girl in a cutbank near a tall tree about a mile down Wounded Knee Creek. I rode over and there she was, shot through the head and wrapped in a blanket. She was stuffed in a hole by a dead tree, just as the grieving mother had left her. She was dead. Later the woman told me that the little girl was just old enough to talk and that the child had been on her back as she fled down the creek with soldiers shooting at her like she was a rabbit. The little girl had urged the mother to run faster till suddenly her head slumped forward as an Army bullet ended her life. The woman's husband had been one of the first killed in the encirclement.

After the ordeal of picking up the dead and wounded, we settled down to the daily routine of patrol and scout duty in and around the Agency. The Government feared the Indians would revengefully attack the Agency, so we were kept on as scouts throughout the winter. During that time I was made a sergeant and, although I was stripped of my stripes a couple of times for infractions of military rules, I somehow was still a sergeant when discharged six months after the Wounded Knee Massacre. I then went to work for Buffalo Bill and his Wild West Show. I now draw a government pension for my services as a scout. Old man that I am, I can never forget the horrible scenes I saw at Wounded Knee 65 years ago.

Dead Indians frozen in ice, morning after the massacre—men, women, children. It made no difference: they were all slaughtered. Many of those not killed outright froze to death that night.

Frontier Pix

CRUSOE of Midway Island

By NELL MURBARGER

Illustrated by Wm. Loechel

Here's an off-trail little yarn that poses the old question: Just how far West does TRUE WEST territory extend? What's your opinion?

LIKE an old lady fallen asleep in a rocking chair, the *General Siegel* rolled idly at anchor under the sultry breath of mid-afternoon. Scarcely a biscuit toss off her starboard rose the lonely coral hummock of Midway Island, the only speck of land within 1,300 miles; yet not a man of the schooner's crew had asked for shore leave.

Who wanted leave on an island that provided neither wine nor women, scarcely a sprig of vegetation, nor even a drink of good water? Better to stay aboard ship shooting the breeze and dreaming of the grog to be put away when the *General* was back in port and every man's pay was burning holes in his dungaree pockets.

And then it happened. Like the crack of a whip, the wind had struck. Water that had lain like glass ten seconds before was lashed into white, boiling fury, and the schooner was wrenching at her anchor. There was no time to head her for safety of the open sea. Before one sail might be unfurled, her bow had crashed upon the reef and salt water was flooding her innards. Nightfall found her supplies pounded to sodden uselessness and her hull already breaking into kindling wood.

Trouble, for the *General Siegel*, was at an end.

For the seven men who survived, it was only beginning.

Dragging themselves ashore, the little handful of castaways looked upon one of earth's most inhospitable places—a barren hummock of shifting sand, across which a man might walk in fifteen minutes. One small, foul-smelling spring provided a bare seep of brackish water; and for the gnawing hunger in their bellies, there was only raw fish and gooney birds.

Faced by a prospect of slow starvation, the castaways were driven to desperate measures. Salvaging one of the smashed lifeboats, they set about repairing it with such materials as were at hand—chiefly torn sailcloth and tar. Only blind desperation could have dared hope that this patched cockleshell would carry seven men to the Marshall Islands, nearly 2,000 miles away.

Sometimes, unfortunately, desperation does more than to give men blind courage. Sometimes it plants in them the thought that six men would stand a better chance of survival than seven. On the other hand, Adolph Jorgenson may have had no such thought in mind when he and his fellow castaway, James Brown, set forth to collect gooney eggs to be used as food on the long hazardous voyage. Possibly the pair simply got into an argument, which led to hot words and violence. No one knows exactly what happened, but when Jorgenson returned to camp, he was alone.

Brown lay dead on the other side of the island, his brains spilling out where his skull had been bashed in with a lump of coral.

WHEN, a few days later, the captain of the *General Siegel* also was slain under suspicious circumstances, the four remaining survivors bluntly accused Jorgenson of both murders.

From accusation to conviction was a matter of minutes.

Unable to conceive any punishment worse than solitary confinement in this loneliest of lonely prisons, it was the men's verdict that Jorgenson should not be permitted to accompany them when they sailed from the island. With the prospect of exile looming far more ghastly than contemplation of death itself, the doomed man pleaded wildly for reconsideration of the sentence. For answer, his erstwhile comrades only shoved the patched boat down the shelving beach and into the lagoon.

When the topmost tip of the lifeboat's mast disappeared over the horizon, Jorgenson still was standing at the water's edge, alone with the sea and sky, and his conscience. Dazed and trembling, he turned to survey this place which might prove his home for life.

Compared to Midway, Robinson Crusoe's island was a paradise. Here there existed not an animal nor a song bird, not a tree, nor vine. Only the wailing wind and the water, the sand that forever shifted beneath a man's feet, and the sea fowl whose screaming seemed to go on through all eternity.

After building a hut of such material as was available, it remained for the lone castaway only to piece out some sort of daily sustenance . . . and wait.

In this fashion, thirteen months had eventually passed. And then, one day in December, 1887, Jorgenson experienced the incomparable joy of sighting a sail! After all those weary days and endless nights, a full-rigged schooner was at last approaching his island prison! With

(Continued on following page)

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Crusoe of Midway Island

(Continued from preceding page)

tears streaming down his gaunt cheeks, the man ran wildly to the beach, shouting, waving his arms, crying insanely. Under any circumstances the schooner would have made a beautiful picture as it approached the island in the full light of midday. To Jorgenson it must have appeared as a heaven-sent miracle.

Yet, even as he watched the nearing ship, his jubilant shouting died to a harsh whisper. A look of horror came to replace the glow which had momentarily lighted his hopeless eyes. Standing transfixed on the beach, he stared speechlessly and helplessly while the gallant vessel piled up on the reef in the identical spot where the *General Siegel* had been wrecked thirteen months previously!

THE schooner proved to be the 467-ton *Wandering Minstrel* . . . but her wanderings were at an end. Totally destroyed, nothing could be salvaged from her but two small dinghies and 23 survivors.

In addition to her captain, F. D. Walker, his wife, and their three small sons, the vessel had carried a crew of 18 men. Where the tiny, bare island had previously been strained to support one man, its meager resources now must suffice for two dozen. It was not an encouraging prospect; and after a few days, six of the *Wandering Minstrel's* crewmen stole one of the two small lifeboats salvaged from the ship and headed for the Marshalls. Presumably their attempted escape proved unsuccessful, for none of their party was ever heard of again.

Meanwhile, the Walkers and their twelve remaining crewmen built shelters against the sharp, sand-laden wind, and together with Jorgenson took up the bitter struggle to maintain life.

Monotony of the fish and sea-fowl diet was, in itself, trying beyond words. Still more serious was the drastic shortage of drinking water. Despite their every economy, the one brackish spring simply could not be stretched to supply sufficient water for eighteen persons. After several weeks, during which they had never known complete freedom from thirst, Jorgenson and First Mate Cameron, of the *Minstrel*, determined to make their escape or die in the attempt.

Stealthily they rigged the remaining dinghie with makeshift sails; and despite the fact that space was at a premium, and weight must be held to a minimum, the two desperate men invited one other to accompany them. He was Li Tang, the Chinese cook.

Under cover of darkness the trio set forth for wherever fate and the mid-sea winds might take them.

Of that voyage, which must have been one of the most notable in the annals of the sea, there is no log. The records show only that after 43 days and 2,700 miles of tossing and wallowing, the dinghie and two half-dead spectres came to rest on a beach in the Marshalls.

Jorgenson and Cameron had made it through.

Of Li Tang, there was no trace.

The pair told conflicting stories. Jorgenson said the Chinaman had been washed overboard in a squall. Cameron said he had sickened and died. Other men simply winked and said nothing.

Li Tang, some recalled, had been young and very plump . . .

As soon as he had recuperated sufficiently to travel, Jorgenson signed on with a passing vessel. With that act, the Crusoe of Midway Island seems to have disappeared from public consciousness as thoroughly as if the sea had risen up and swallowed him. So far as known, he was never heard of again.

After fourteen months of privation and exile, the Walkers and their remaining crew members were at last rescued by the Japanese fishing schooner, *Norma*. With their departure, the tiny island once again settled back to its age-old loneliness and the screaming hordes of sea fowl that forever seem to haunt it.

If a few restless phantoms also haunt its bleak dunes, it is altogether understandable.

The Penance Bell

(Continued from page 24)

taken prisoner. The home of Captain Cooper, where she was held as a "guest," still stands as a historical landmark in Monterey. The defiant Enrique was ordered to San Gabriel for trial.

Stubbornly, the sailor vowed he would not travel overland. At last a bond was posted and he was allowed aboard his ship. At once he went about his trading business, but, finding Josepha unable to join him, he finally surrendered voluntarily. At San Gabriel he was locked up like any thieving rascal.

Meanwhile, Josepha, finding life in the governor's capital unbearable, had petitioned to be moved to San Gabriel. The mistress of the women's quarters there, Dona Eulalia Perez, was known and loved throughout the territory. Josepha had heard tales about the spry old woman ever since she could remember. People said Dona Eulalia had been a wonderful dancer still when she was seventy. Under her guardianship, Josepha and her baby would be safe.

With her husband a prisoner, Josepha was free to ride horseback over the mission's rolling acres. It could have been a happy life except for the ordeal of Enrique's trial by an ecclesiastical tribunal.

"All right!" Captain Fitch protested impatiently. "If you don't want to accept the curate Orrego's certificate, tear it up and marry us again here! But don't wreck my wife's reputation, or brand my innocent son!"

Charges brought counter-charges. Father Menendez was censured for obliquely suggesting an elopement. But at last the court decided that it was a valid marriage. However, the couple were directed to receive those sacraments that should properly have preceded the marriage ceremony, and were commanded to attend mass for three *dias festivos* and to recite the rosary.

Also, to compensate for scandalizing the community, Captain Fitch must provide, for the *pueblo* church at Los Angeles, a bell weighing not less than fifty pounds.

Captain and Mrs. Fitch lived to old age, the parents of ten children. Enrique grew rich, and was elected for several terms mayor of San Diego.

The penance bell later was moved to the Mission San Gabriel, where it still tolls today.

WESTERN HISTORY IN TEXAS NAMES

They live on, the frontier names that are such a colorful heritage of the Old West. Dog Canyon . . . Buffalo Gap . . . Gunsight . . . the roll call of frontier names takes us back in fancy to long-gone days on the Texas Plains.

By HAROLD POPE

LEGEND and history have combined to give Texas a variety of place names that are as colorful and vivid as the Old West itself. The Old West is gone, but the frontier names live on.

The cowboy and the Old West have probably been best remembered in unusual and varied place names. Take, for instance, the town of Monahans. The story goes that one Pat Monahans was crossing the wide, arid plains of West Texas with a wagon. A tire ran off the rim. Pat reset the tire, then took the wheel to a hole of water nearby and dropped it in to soak. He never saw it again; the hole was too deep. Thus stranded, Pat remained at the place, and the town which later sprang up was named Monahans.

In Wilbarger County, in the early days, a cowboys' camp became infested with lice, commonly known as "graybacks." When the post office was established, the name of "Grayback" was sent in and approved.

A freighter was driving his team up a "holler" not far from the place known as Hide Town. A nearby gully that was usually dry had been swollen by heavy rains. The impatient mule-skinner couldn't wait for the stream to subside. He drove in, and the flood washed the wagon against a tree and drowned the team. Floundering out, the freighter walked to a store not far from the stream and reported, "That's the hell-roaringest little holler I ever seen." And so the place was known after that as Hell Roaring Hollow.

Other Texas towns and places having names reminiscent of the cowboy and the West are Bronco, Calf Creek, Dobbin, Maverick, Lariat, Rustler, Loop, Ropesville and Spur. There was even a Lick Skillet, which reminds one of the days when all meat was fried in a skillet with gravy and grease, a favorite stand-by of the range riders.

The coming of the fabulous railroad era in Texas brought with it an accompanying group of settlers, pioneers, adventurers, and thrill-seekers, the likes of which has never been known since in the state. As a result of that gaudy time, there are many names over the land that came as a result of the railroad and are a reminder of the role it played in opening up untamed frontiers. One such example is Dodge. The citizens of Huntsville declined to assist the building of the railroad through the town, and the railway officials decided to by-pass the town and establish another settlement, which they did. Because they were "dodging" Huntsville, they named the new town "Dodge," which it's been ever since.

ONE day a passenger told the conductor on a train that he needed to get off at a certain place on the line. "You needn't stop the train," he said. "Just check up." A short time later, an enterprising farmer put up a shack there, selling sardines and crackers, and the place became known as Checkup, Texas.

One Texas railroad, the Bartlett and Western, once had stations named Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, and in each of the stations was a copy of the appropriate gospel.

Elgin received its name because of the coming of the railroad, although in somewhat different manner from most. When the first railroad arrived, only a few settlers lived in the neighborhood. The terror of the countryside was a group known as the Miles Gang, who opposed the railroad and announced that they wouldn't have one. The tracks pushed ahead anyway, in spite of their threats. The Miles Gang swore they would shoot the lights out of any train encroaching upon their territory. The first train made its maiden run, and the Miles Gang, true to their word, shot the headlight out of the engine and the lanterns swinging from the roof of the

Illustrated by Evan Keith Soward

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Western History In Texas Names

(Continued from preceding page)

passenger coaches. Each time a train passed it was customary for the Miles Gang to be waiting, until train men got into the habit of saying to each other before they reached the place of the shooting, "Look out, we're going to have hell again." The shooting became so regular that conductors would warn all passengers to lay low. Up and down the railroad it became known as "Hell Again," pronounced "Hell 'gin." Finally, a station agent, hoping to attract more purchasers of town lots to the place, coined the word "Elgin," and since then it's remained that.

Valentine was so named because the first train to arrive in the community came in on Valentine's Day. Benchley was named for the first conductor to arrive on an incoming train at the town.

If many towns and places in Texas were appropriately and wisely named, there were many others named by chance or sheer circumstance, and for want of a better name, were given the first thing at hand. Popcorn, Texas, was one of those. A group of settlers landed at the mouth of the Brazos River and proceeded up river to the first camping place. Being pleased with the location, one of the settlers, by way of declaring his intention of remaining there, took from his wallet a handful of popcorn, which he proceeded to plant. It was later re-named Popcorn Patch, and finally Brazoria.

Citizens of a certain settlement in Jasper County believed their settlement to be one of the dryest spots, both in rainfall and in balloting, to be found anywhere. Accordingly, they submitted what they believed was a most appropriate name, Dryburg.

Camp Ruby, Texas, was a logging camp without a name. The manager said he would give the post office the name of the first girl who happened along. A girl named Ruby came first, and it was named for her.

A merchant in northwestern Lamar County close to the Red River named the town in which he lived Razor, in honor of a popular brand of tobacco that he sold. Clairette, in Erath County, was named for a brand of soap that was once popular in that section of the state.

Ambia, Texas, was established in 1886 and was derived from the word "amber." The town was so named by a justice of the peace, who claimed that the men of this community were the greatest tobacco chewers and spitters he ever saw. The name stuck.

LOCO, in Childress County, was named after the so-called "loco weed," which, when eaten by cattle or horses, seldom killed them but made them crazy—hence, the name of the town.

In Comanche County, two men who operated a store suggested their community be caled Energy, Texas, because the people were so energetic.

In 1879, settlers in Brown County met to select a name for their post office. After much disagreement, a local wit remarked, "Call it Cross Out, because it is across the country and out of the way." The suggestion was accepted and the name Cross Out was sent to the Postal Department. There the "O" was mistaken for a "C" and the name came back approved as "Cross Cut."

Many Texas towns were named in error, but probably one of the most outstanding errors was that of naming the town of Santa Anna. The well-meaning settlers intended to name their town after the friendly Indian Chief, Santana, but instead the name was confused and mistakenly applied as Santa Anna, the name of the ruthless Mexican General who killed hundreds of Texans at the Alamo.

Three Texas towns bear the names of cereals. They are Millet in La Salle County, Rice in Navarro County, and Rye in Liberty County. The town of Post, in Garza County, was named for C. W. Post, the famed originator of the Post line of cereal products.

Many mountains, creeks, rivers, and streams have received their names through some unusual incident or episode in their early history. Ox Skull Hill was an example. Just off the old "upper road" between San Antonio and Eagle Pass is a high hill. The story goes that three freighters passing with empty wagons were attacked by Indians. Taking advantage of the high ground, the freighters herded the oxen and wagons into a corral formation, but the Indians proved too much for them. During the fight, all freighters and oxen were killed, and the wagons were burned. For years the bleached skulls of the oxen lay on the hilltop, eventually giving it its name.

In the late seventies a band of outlaws raided a cow outfit camped on a creek emptying into the Canadian River. They took all of the horses belonging to the men, and made for New Mexico. One of the cowboys walked sixty miles to Fort Elliott to give an alarm and obtain horses and food. His waiting comrades managed to exist on beef and water, and during the wait named the stream Starvation Creek.

Dog Canyon in the Big Bend country was so named when a trapper left his dog to watch camp in a canyon while he went to town for provisions. After freely indulging in whisky, the trapper suddenly remembered his mission and returned to his camp. His dog was still on guard, but dead—starved to death.

DEVIL'S RIVER is said to have been named by the Texas Ranger, Captain Jack Hayes. After a particularly long and dusty ride, he came to a deep gorge with a muddy stream flowing at the bottom. On inquiring, a Mexican told him the name of the river was "San Pedro." "St. Peter, hell!" Hayes exclaimed. "It looks like the devil's river to me," and the Devil's River it's been known to this day.

Luling was believed to be named for Lu Ling, a Chinaman who fed a bridge crew on Plum Creek in Caldwell County.

Buffalo Gap, located between two mountains, was the place where many hundreds of buffalo used to graze.

An Indian blanket found on a creek near the site of a growing town gave it the name of Blanket, Texas.

Board House was the name given to a town because of a board house built by an early settler, at the time the others were living in dugouts.

In the 1860's a posse of settlers whose horses had been stolen followed the Indian raiders into a certain canyon. During the battle that followed, many horses were killed, and for years their bones lay on the ground, giving the place the name of Horsehead Canyon.

Gunsight got its name from hills ad-

joining the town, with the ridge of the mountains representing the gun barrel, and a projecting peak representing the sight.

Fodice, so the story goes, was the name given to a community in southern Houston County, and was derived from the words "Four Dice," which indicated a favorite occupation of the inhabitants.

Texas is rich in names that date back to the time of the Spanish conquest. One creek, near San Antonio, was named in 1718 by an explorer, and called "Salaipuedes," meaning "Get Out If You Can," because it was located in such a thick wood. After much difficulty this explorer got out of the bottom of the creek but into another one that was worse. The second one he named "Entra-a-ver-lo," meaning "Enter To See It," because the woods were so thick and the undergrowth so dense that one had to call for a knife in order to slash his way out.

Rising in Zavala County is a dry arroyo known on maps as Yo-lo-digo. One dark night after a particularly heavy rain, the story goes, two Mexicans were walking along single file. Suddenly the man behind heard a splash, and asked, "Es agua?" (Is it water?) "Yo lo digo," said the other, meaning, "I say it is." And Yo-lo-digo Creek it became.

One day a boss of some Mexican vaqueros was taking his men to work in a pasture. He instructed the cook to follow and prepare dinner on a certain hill in the pasture, a distance of some ten miles. The cook arrived at the designated spot, but found he had forgotten the flour for making bread. From then on the hill became known as "Loma de Harina" or "Hill of Flour" because there wasn't any flour for bread.

Espantosa Lake, meaning "Frightful, or Phantasmal Lake," got its name from many weird stories originating along its banks. One legend says that troops of Santa Anna's army, on their way to besiege the Alamo, stuffed a cannon full of money and dropped it into the lake. Another story tells that one evening a Mexican woman was washing clothes at the water's edge. Other campers in the distance heard a scream and appeared in time to see blood on the bank and the slashing of a scaled tail. "Dios, es un lagarto!" (God, it's an alligator!), they screamed. Other stories tell of fierce animals in the lake that resemble bulls.

LOS BRAZOS DE DIOS RIVER (Arms of God River), now popularly known as the Brazos River, is believed to have received its name because it has acted as a savior to man. There are many stories concerning how it came to be named. One of those tells that Coronado's men were dying from thirst while wandering on the Staked Plains, when friendly Indians guided them to water at one of the river's forks. In their gratitude, Coronado's men named the river "Los Brazos de Dios."

Bandera, meaning "flag" in Spanish, took its name from Bandera Pass, or Flag Pass. It is said to have been named because in the pass a detachment of Spanish soldiers flying a flag encountered savage Indians in a battle there.

Garrapatas Creek was so named by Spaniards camping on the creek bank because of the many ticks there. Palo Duro Canyon, which means "Hard Wood Canyon," was named because of its wood, which the Indians used for making arrow shafts.

Texas is large enough to include many other states in her naming of towns, such as Colorado, Nevada, Iowa, Tennessee, and Washington. There are such foreign countries as China, Egypt, Holland, Ireland, Italy, Palestine, Scotland, and even a Klondike, named when the Klondike Gold Rush was much in the news. Some towns bear Biblical names, like Jericho, Jonah, Joshua, Nazareth, Nineveh, Paradise, Salem, Shepherd, and Temple.

There are towns bearing names relating to financial affairs, such as Cash, Dinero ("money"), Security, Silver and Dime Box. Card players will find such places as Ace, Heart, King, Queen, and Spade.

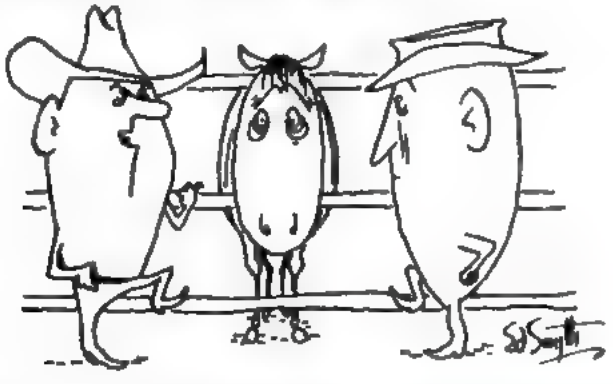
For natural resources there are towns with names like Carbon, Chalk, Flint, Magnet, Mercury, Petroleum, Salt Gap, Marble Falls, and Sulphur Springs.

Birds and fowls are represented in such towns as Crane, Crow, Eagle, Goose (Creek), Lark, Peacock, Quail, and Turkey.

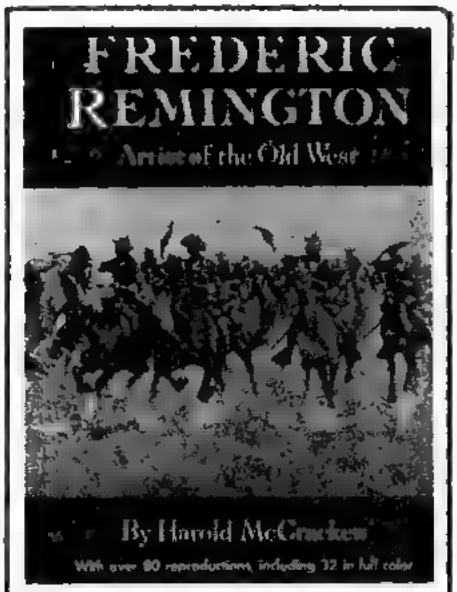
For fruits and vegetables there are such places as Frijole ("bean"), Grapeland, Melon, Okra, Orange, Orchard, Pearland, and Plum.

For measurement a person can find a Center, Miles, Rule, Troy, and Yard.

But probably some of the most colorful and picturesque names in the state are those found among lost towns and ghost towns. Among those towns are such peculiar names as Blowout, Buckshort, Cow Bayou, Duck Creek, Gallinas ("Chickens"), Gourdneck, Lookout, Lucknow, Nameless, Pilot Knob, Possum Trot, Rest, Sand Fly, Scabtown, Squaw Creek, Stormville, Tarbox, Teepee City, and Wonders—all of which show that names leave little to be desired in the Lone Star State.



"Used t'be the best cuttin' horse in these parts, 'til some dang cow critter outsmarted him!"



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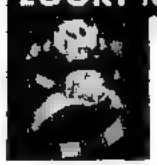

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Hawks of the Desert

(Continued from page 10)

the Apaches pulled back from the peaks and left the springs unguarded. The troops moved in without opposition.

At sunrise, Roberts renewed the attack—and found to his astonishment that the fierce enemy was no longer interested in fighting. The first arching shell sent them scurrying into the mountains.

An amazing turn of fate had sapped the warlike spirit from the Apaches and temporarily robbed them of all will to continue the battle.

Shortly after sunset of the preceding evening, Roberts had sent couriers back with messages to Cremony. Their departure had been instantly spotted by the Apaches, and Mangas Colorado himself led a band of warriors in pursuit. The small squad of cavalry had been led by Sergeants Mitchell and Maynard.

The fresher ponies of the Indians gradually overtook the cavalry horses until the warriors were within shooting range. Sergeant Maynard took a bullet in the arm and two horses were killed, but the dismounted riders jumped up behind mounted comrades and the flight continued. Private John Teal's horse was shot down, and Teal coolly "forted up" behind the dead body, determined to take one or more Apaches with him before he died. Teal was a good marksman and carried a modern breech-loading carbine, newly issued to the cavalry. He pumped lead so rapidly that the Indians merely circled him, shooting and yelling, instead of rushing in at once to finish him off.

PRIVATE TEAL observed a huge warrior leading the others, and knew instantly that this was an important chief. He did not suspect that he was the dreaded Mangas Colorado, or his hand may not have been so steady nor his aim so sure. Carefully, holding his breath, Teal lined up the giant Apache in his sights and squeezed off the shot. The big Indian pitched from his saddle, and a heartbroken howl went up from his companions. Forgetting all about the holed-up white man, the Apaches flung themselves from their ponies and clustered about their fallen chief. Tenderly they lifted him to the back of a horse and started back through the mountains with him, chanting a mournful dirge as they moved away.

Hardly believing his eyes, Teal watched them out of sight and then took off on the arduous eight-mile hike to Cremony's camp. (Incredibly, he carried his saddle and bridle the entire distance!) He reached camp safely without seeing a single Apache on the way.

Southward through the mountains the anxious warriors of Mangas Colorado bore their wounded chief, straight as an arrow flight, into Mexico. They journeyed to the village of Presidio del Janos, where a Mexican doctor was known to live. Past the fortified post "protecting" the village the long line of dark figures filed, contemptuously ignoring the presence of the nervous soldiers standing before the gate. They did not stop until they reached the doctor's *casa*. Four braves carried the half-conscious Red Sleeves within, while the others fanned out swiftly to guard against surprise attack. A sub-chief addressed the startled doctor in guttural Spanish: "This is Mangas Colorado—great Apache chief. You make him well. If he lives, *you* will live, and all in Janos. If he dies, *all* will die!"

Probably no doctor in the history of medicine ever worked with greater care than did this Mexican physician on this occasion. Skillfully, controlling his jumping nerves, he went about the delicate task of removing the bullet deeply imbedded in the chief's side. To his intense relief he found that the lead had glanced along the ribs, had pierced no vital organ. He extracted it, cleansed and sterilized the wound, and bound it up. Red Sleeves' iron-hard constitution did the rest: he lived. But before he was well enough to travel, the hated White Eyes had passed through Apache Pass. That single well-aimed slug of Private Teal's may well have saved the lives of scores of his comrades. Captain Roberts, moving cautiously through Apache Pass on the second day of his advance, found no enemy there to contest him. The fierce hawks of the desert had no heart to fight while their chief lay stricken.

IN those hectic days of the Civil War, both Confederate and Federal soldiers fought the common enemy—the Apaches. Colonel Baylor, Confederate Governor of Arizona, wrote to President Jefferson Davis that "every Apache man, wherever found, should be killed on sight and the women and children sold into slavery." President Davis sharply disapproved the harsh proposal and demanded an explanation of Colonel Baylor. In an attempt at self-justification, Baylor wrote General Magruder, commanding the Confederate district of Texas, New Mexico and Arizona, as follows: "The general belief among the people is that extermination of the grown Indians and making slaves of the children is the only remedy. This system has been practiced in New Mexico. There is not a family of wealth in that country but has Indian slaves derived from that source . . . it is a knowledge of this custom among the people of Arizona that to some extent induced me to give the order that has been the cause of complaint against me."

Magruder promptly forwarded this letter to Davis. Baylor's lame attempt to get off the hook failed to work, since shortly afterward he was relieved of authority. High-minded President Davis would have nothing to do with a policy of extermination and slavery, even among Indians.

The North evinced no such scruples. General Carleton, taking over command of the Southwest from humanitarian General E. R. S. Canby, started a relentless war of extermination against the Apaches. Colonel Kit Carson, Carleton's right-hand man, headquartered at Fort Stanton. Carson's troops fanned out in all directions from Fort Stanton, his field commanders all carrying identical orders: "The men (Apaches and Navajos) are to be slain whenever found. The women and children may be taken prisoners, but, of course, they are not to be killed."

So the Indian war continued—bitter, ruthless, with no mercy asked or given on either side. Fighting the Apaches was like fighting ghosts; evil ghosts who materialized suddenly out of the burning wastes of rock and sand to fire a few shots and loose a whizzing flight of arrows before vanishing again. Rarely did a trooper catch a warrior in his sights; often the white soldiers marched for weeks without catching a glimpse

of their elusive quarry. So it went, with no decided advantage on either side, until January of 1863.

In that month Mangas Colorado, the implacable leader of the Mimbrenos, suddenly decided to sue for peace with the white man. What prompted this amazing decision is unknown, unless it was simply weariness and old age. Red Sleeves was over seventy years old, and his great body was full of pain from old wounds. Looking to the bleak future, the aged leader could see nothing but bloodshed and starvation for his dwindling followers unless the fighting stopped. He determined to stop it, even if it meant sacrificing his own life to win peace. He was old and tired and his life was nearly spent, so his death did not matter.

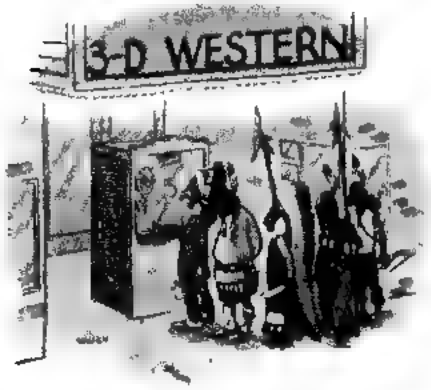
CAPTAIN JOE WALKER, the ruthless leader of a hardbitten band of prospectors and roving adventurers, heard of the chief's desire for peace, and a treacherous scheme formed in his mind. Walker confided his plan to a Captain Shirland, commanding a company of California troops, and Shirland willingly agreed to give it a try.

A Mexican was sent into the Mimbreno camp with word that Shirland wanted to parley with Mangas Colorado. The sub-chiefs and medicine men argued against the chief's going. The invitation stank of treachery, but Mangas Colorado saw in it a chance to make peace. On January 17, 1863, he set out for Shirland's camp near Fort McLean, accompanied by fifteen warriors.

Jack Zwilling, a member of Walker's unsavory outfit, met the Apaches on the trail a mile from Shirland's camp. Unarmed, he held his right hand up and palm forward in the peace sign. The warriors huddled together in the trail, their black eyes darting to the rocks and underbrush on both sides to spot the suspected ambush. Red Sleeves went forward alone.

The two men talked briefly in Spanish; then the chief turned to his warriors. "Go back to camp," he ordered. "The white *san-tan* wishes to talk of peace, and has promised that no harm shall befall me. On the third sun from this day, I will join you. Go!"

The warriors trotted away, leaving Mangas Colorado alone with Zwilling. Soldiers, moving swiftly from their places of concealment in the brush, closed in to surround the huge Apache and escort him to Shirland's camp. Red Sleeves knew he was betrayed, but he gave no sign of knowing. Calmly, his dark face an expressionless mask, he walked alone in the midst of his enemies. The Apache is a true fatalist; the chief knew that his time for dying had arrived. There would be no parley, no peace—the White Eyes would kill him as soon as it suited their fancy.



"This time we fight back!"

RED SLEEVES had called the turn precisely. Captains Walker and Shirland remained in their tents; the soldiers ringed the big prisoner, saying not a word but watching him closely. Mangas Colorado looked at their stony faces and knew that his death would not be long delayed. He was old and weary; it did not matter. He lay down by the fire in the middle of the soldiers' camp, and presently he slept—or appeared to sleep. The soldiers continued to guard him.

Informed by Captain Walker of Mangas Colorado's capture, Colonel J. R. West, C.O. at Fort McLean, rode hurriedly to view the captive chief. He arrived at the camp after nightfall and demanded to see Mangas Colorado at once. He found the old warrior sleeping soundly beside the fire. The guards had withdrawn. Colonel West stared a long moment at the giant form of the dreaded Apache leader—then ordered two soldiers to fix their bayonets and watch him every second. Before leaving the scene for his own tent, the Colonel gave his instructions to the guards. These were his exact orders to Privates James Collyer and George Mead, as reported by Clark Stocking, a soldier who was present and heard them:

"Men, that old murderer has got away from every soldier command and has left a trail of blood five hundred miles on the old stage line. I want him dead or alive tomorrow morning; do you understand?" The Colonel paused—then rapped out: *"I want him dead!"*

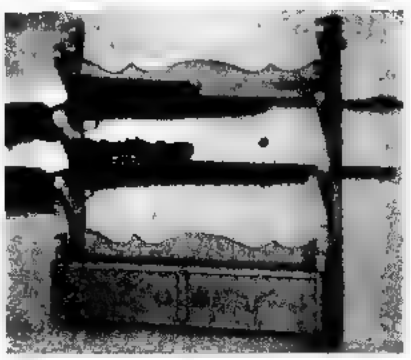
He stalked away. Mead glanced at Collyer and touched his finger significantly to his throat. Collyer looked a little sick, but nodded. The camp was very silent—the lonely wailing of a coyote somewhere out in the dark was the only sound to break the stillness.

Presently one of the guards heated the point of his bayonet in the glowing coals of the dying campfire. Suddenly he raised his rifle in both hands and plunged the red-hot bayonet point into the captive's leg. The old chief screamed in agony and leaped to his feet, clawing for the knife that had been taken from him. Both soldiers fired their rifles simultaneously. Mangas Colorado fell face down at the edge of the fire. Mead and Collyer drew their service revolvers and emptied them into the great, twitching body. Men came running from all over camp to press close and stare at the bloody corpse of the famed raider who had terrorized the Southwest for so many years. Colonel West came running, too, buckling on his gun-belt.

Later a surgeon cut off the dead chief's head and removed the brain. The white men seemed to think it of great interest that the Apache's head measured larger than that of their famous statesman and orator, Daniel Webster, with the brain correspondingly large. The skull is said now to be in the Smithsonian Institution in Washington.

TAKING instant advantage of the Apaches' confusion and despair at the death of their great leader, General Carleton pressed his campaign of exter-

(Continued on following page)



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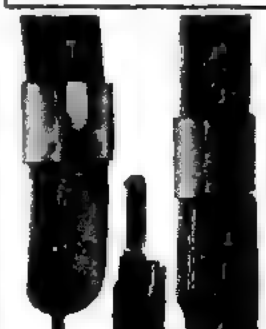

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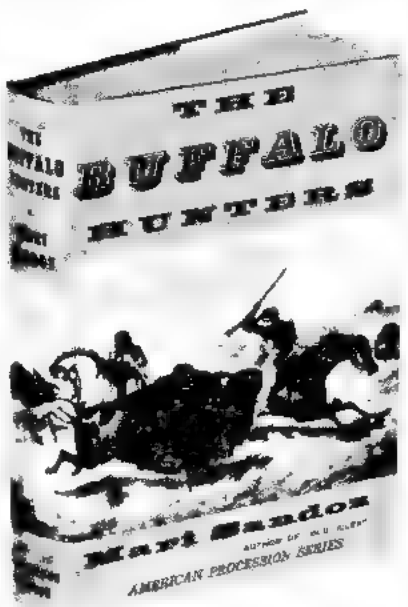

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Hawks of the Desert

(Continued from preceding page)

mination with renewed vigor. Two days after the murder of Red Sleeves, Captain William McCleave attacked the Mimbrenos near Pinos Altos and killed eleven warriors in a vicious scrap. Hammering away relentlessly at the hostiles, Captain Shirland followed with a lightning sweep through an Apache *rancheria,* killing nine, wounding an unknown number and destroying the wickiups and grazing livestock.

McCleave, who had won a promotion to Major for his exploit, pursued a daring band of Apaches who had run off the post herd of horses from Fort West. Major McCleave possessed that prime essential of all successful military commanders—luck. Losing the trail of the Apache raiders, McCleave found himself with played-out horses and weary men at Canyon del Perro. Here, on the afternoon of March 27, 1863, McCleave's scouts located an Apache *rancheria.* His troopers charged the peaceful camp and utterly destroyed it, killing twenty-five Indians. The surviving braves rallied in desperation and counter-attacked, but were driven off after a sharp fight. McCleave's column sustained but slight casualties: one officer and two soldiers wounded, none killed.

The jubilant Major reported to Carleton at Fort Stanton that this band of Mescaleros had been utterly crushed. The Major was correct in his report. The remnants of the band straggled into the fort a few days later to beg for peace. Their chief, Gian-na-tah, addressed himself to General Carleton in the following words, as reported in J. P. Dunn's *Massacres of the Mountains:*

"You are stronger than we. We have fought you so long as we had rifles and powder; but your weapons are better than ours . . . we have no more heart; we have no provisions, no means to live. Your troops are everywhere; our springs and water holes are either occupied or overlooked (guarded) by your young men. You have driven us from our last and best stronghold and we have no more heart. Do with us as it may seem good to you, but do not forget that we are men and braves."

General Carleton turned to Colonel Kit Carson and said curtly: "Your orders still stand. Proceed as directed."

Carleton's orders were these: "The men (Apaches) are to be slain, whenever and wherever found. The women and children may be taken prisoners . . ."

The harsh dictum was more than Kit could stomach. He had lived among Indians for years and did not subscribe to the popular frontier notion that Indians were wild beasts to be ruthlessly exterminated. He took up their cause with the high brass and finally won sanctuary for the wretched Apaches at a newly created reservation at the Bosque Redondo, on the Pecos River, in eastern New Mexico. There, under the kindly care and supervision of Captain Cremony, the harried Mescaleros happily settled down.

In other regions, the widespread campaign of extermination against the Apaches was redoubled in vigor. Carleton carried the war into Arizona and down into Mexico, where he enlisted the aid of the Governors of Sonora and Chihuahua in hunting down the Apaches. Prospectors and gold miners served the troops as unofficial scouts and lookouts, reporting the movements of the enemy. Pima, Maricopa and Papago Indians, all bitter hereditary foes of the Apaches, eagerly served the white man in the same capacity. All over far-flung Apacheria the merciless hunt continued, with each company commander acting under the same general orders: "Kill every Indian man capable of bearing arms and capture the women and children." Each officer adhered scrupulously to his orders, even if it meant employing large-scale treachery to carry them out. In the single year of 1865, nearly 400 Apaches were killed and 145 wounded. Villages were destroyed and herds of livestock recaptured from the Indians. Uncounted hundreds of Apaches died by bullet, starvation and disease during the "Slaughtering Sixties." Still the hardy remnants of the shattered tribe fought on.

BY 1870, nearly all Apaches everywhere had been hunted and starved into submission. Even Eskimo-tsin, chief of the Aravaipas, a man who from the first had mistrusted the White Eyes, had come to realize the futility of further resistance and sent messengers begging for peace. Five old squaws carried his plea to the C.O. at Camp Grant, and negotiations were begun at once under the personal direction of Lieutenant Royal E. Whitman. By March 11, 1870, more than 300 Indians had come into Camp Grant to surrender.

Whitman was shocked at the terrible condition of the fugitives. They were beyond being hungry—theirs was the dreadful apathy of near-starvation. Rags covered their emaciated bodies; rags bound up their bruised and bloody feet.

The young Lieutenant differed sharply from most of his superior officers in that he regarded the Apaches as human beings instead of wild animals. He fed them from military stores, and—when their strength was restored by food and rest—gave them jobs cutting hay for the post horse herd. The Indians used their knives to cut the hay, carrying it into the fort on their backs. They were paid a few cents for each fifty pounds delivered. Pitifully grateful at being allowed to work to support themselves, the Apaches labored hard and steadily. In about two months they cut and delivered nearly 300,000 pounds of hay. News of Whitman's kindly treatment spread to other Apaches hiding out in the hills, and gradually the Indian population of Camp Grant increased to over 500.

On April 1, Captain Stanwood, Whitman's immediate superior officer, arrived

Frontier Pix

Eskimo-tsin, Chief of the Aravaipa Apaches, who killed his only white friend to warn his people never to make friends with the white men.

at Camp Grant. The Captain inspected and approved Whitman's humane handling of the Apaches before leaving on a scout through southern Arizona. Stanwood took with him nearly all the garrison at Camp Grant, leaving Whitman only fifty men with which to man the post and patrol the area. The Lieutenant feared the consequences of such a drastic move, but could not question the decision of a ranking officer.

Camp Grant was in the vicinity of Tucson, and Tucson contained a large number of the most virulent "Injun haters" in the Territory. Only the presence of the soldiers at Camp Grant had prevented violence—and now that the bulk of the garrison had departed, trouble loomed. Four days after Stanwood had left on his southern scout, an armed mob of Americans, Mexicans and Papago Indians started for the Apache camp five miles from the fort.

Belatedly warned of the mob's advance, Lieutenant Whitman sent a trooper galloping to call the Indians in closer to the post. The messenger reported back to the anxious young C.O. that the Apache camp had been destroyed and burned and its inhabitants massacred. There was no sign of the killers; the mob had scattered once its gruesome work was done.

LIEUTENANT WHITMAN now sent his post surgeon, with a squadron of twenty men, to the scene of the massacre. Smoke from the burning wickiups signalled the site of the catastrophe to the soldiers. Searching amid the ruins, Doctor Briesly found the bodies of twenty-one women and children. Many were shot, but others were stabbed or beaten to death with stones. Two of the younger squaws had been brutally ravished, then killed. Accustomed as he was to death and bloodshed, this frontier Army doctor became physically ill when he picked up the bullet-pierced form of a ten-months-old infant with one of its legs nearly severed from its little body.

"There was little for me to do," wrote Doctor Briesly in his report. "The work had been too thoroughly done."

At first it was thought that there were no survivors among those surprised in their huts by the mob, but later two wounded women were found and taken to the post. Additional search disclosed eighty-five bodies, of which seventy-seven were women and children. Twenty-nine children had been carried off into slavery, it was learned from the Apaches who had fled into the hills at the onset of the savage attack, and began now to cautiously return to their ruined camp.

Lieutenant Whitman himself supervised the mass burial of the victims. "I thought the act of caring for their dead would be evidence to them of our sympathy at least," stated Whitman. "The conjecture proved correct, for while at the work many of them came to the spot and indulged in their expressions of grief, too wild and terrible to be described. That evening they began coming in from all directions, singly and in small parties, so changed in forty-eight hours as to be hardly recognizable, during which time they had neither eaten nor slept."

In one black hour of frightful destruction, rape and massacre, the Tucson mob had wiped out all that Lieutenant Whitman had accomplished in months of patient work. Now, while the exultant

(Continued on following page)

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Hawks of the Desert

(Continued from preceding page)

killers traded Apache scalps for whiskey in Tucson barrooms and boasted of their "cleanup of the red devils," Apache war drums began to beat in canyon, mountain and desert. Again the Apaches had learned the bitter lesson that the White Eyes could not be trusted. This time they never forgot it.

Chief Eskimo-tzin, in one ruthless act, exemplified what all Apaches felt toward the treacherous whites. Near Camp Grant lived a kindly old trapper named Charley McKenna. Charley was a rugged frontiersman of a type even then passing—the type of Jim Bridger and Kit Carson, men who understood Indians, even liked them. For years McKenna and Eskimo-tzin had been friends. Charley had been an honored guest in the chief's wickiup on many occasions; the chief had been a frequent and equally honored guest at McKenna's cabin. After the campaign of extermination of the Apaches had begun, Charley remained the chief's one fast white friend.

Eskimo-tzin, with a few warriors, had fled from the troops after the massacre near Camp Grant, fearing that the soldiers were coming to complete the process of annihilation so nearly finished by the mob. The fleeing Apaches approached McKenna's cabin, and the chief stopped in to see his old friend. Charley, as always, was glad to see him. He rustled up a meal for Eskimo-tzin and carried food to the hungry warriors outside. The chief ate voraciously and silently, without speaking of the horrible tragedy that lay behind him. When he had finished his meal, he snatched up his rifle and shot McKenna dead.

Years later and still free, Eskimo-tzin explained this shocking act of treachery. Sam Bowman, assistant Chief of Scouts for General George Crook, asked the aging chief why he had murdered his good friend. Eskimo-tzin remained silent a long minute, smoking as if he had not heard the question. Finally he laid aside his pipe and looked Bowman straight in the eyes:

"I did it to teach my people that there must be no friendship between them and the white men. Anyone can kill an enemy, but it takes a strong man to kill a friend."

(Concluded in Next Issue)

Hell on the Cherokee Strip!

(Continued from page 17)

managed to drag the wheels enough to slow the team down."

SOON the prairie was dotted with bodies of race horses, ridden to death. Some of these horses were more valuable than the lots sought by their riders, but their powers of endurance were unequal to the wiry Western bronco they early outdistanced.

Many a rider in a frenzied race for a city lot, scorned poor land holding vast fortunes of oil beneath its surface. The swish of a whip or the jab of a spur, sending a weary mount one mile farther over the prairie, changed many a fortune that day.

Within two hours, waves of landseekers from the North and South met near the middle of the Strip. The great tide of humanity spread over the land like water seeking its level.

Reaching Chikaskia River, Eva stopped to camp for the night. Soon after dark a wagon drove up to her campfire, and Mrs. Wright stepped down.

"I staked a good claim," she told her daughter, "but I just couldn't stay there alone after nightfall."

At last the Great Race was over! What at noon had been an uninhabited wilderness, by nightfall had a man living on every quarter-section. And many a settler, as he lay down that night on soil he could call his own, looked to the starry heavens above for strength in the great building task ahead, or wisdom to settle the dispute with the "sooner" beside him.

For it was not enough to merely stake a claim. It was then necessary to go to the land office and make formal entry of ownership. And all too often there would be others there ready to contest the claim.

Many of these contests were in the more fertile eastern portion of the "Strip," and in townsites along the railroads. Within 24 hours, 25,000 people had located at Perry, and similar numbers at Enid, Woodward, Alva, and Ponca City. To these places men came to engage in business—blacksmiths, printers, carpenter shops, and the inevitable saloon.

It was the chaotic spectacle at Perry which caused the Editor of *Frank Leslie's New York Weekly* to comment:

"Let us hope that such scenes of distress will never again be witnessed in this enlightened land."

When night came, no shelter had been provided in the new towns, and hundreds of men and women lay down in the dust from sheer exhaustion in shelter of wagons, boxes and tents. Many woke from a troubled sleep to find themselves almost buried in dust which fierce gusts of wind had deposited in every corner like banks of discolored snow.

THE next day while officials in Washington celebrated the Centennial of the laying of the cornerstone of our national Capitol, these settlers began laying the cornerstones of a vibrant new empire.

There was heartbreak, too, for now the thousands of unsuccessful pioneers began the bitter trek back to homes they had left. When the Wrights caught up with the Wintermute brothers the following day, they learned that Walter's claim was on school land. Will did not

"All I said was Happy New Year!"

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get a claim, and Ed had staked a good location along the Salt Fork River near Tonkawa.

Walter and Eva came back to Kansas with Mrs. Wright, relinquishing their dream of starting a new home on free soil.

Dust-caked, dejected people filing back to their homes revealed many instances of injustice and cruelty at the hands of "sooners." But many were not so docile in surrendering their claims, according to the *Caldwell News*, which carried this item the following week:

"Numerous deaths and murders have occurred since the Opening. Dead bodies have been found on prairies and in the brush . . . some placarded as "sooners" . . . some charred to a crisp . . . some with bullet holes in them."

Many of the losers were injured in accidents, others had lost all their belongings in prairie fires. A few were disgruntled and bitter with disappointment, and all were a sorry-looking lot, coated with grime from days of hobo living.

"I didn't wash my face for three days," Eva confides. "We had to save all our water for the team."

As usual, a few settlers kept their sense of humor. Wagons which went into the Strip bearing signs of "Oklahoma or bust" came back placarded "Busted, by George!"

Wherever men gathered to talk, tales of hardship, disaster and death were always matched by yarns with a chuckle. Like the story of the man who fell in a well dug by the soldiers. No settler racing by would stop to rescue him, until many hours later a teamster hauling supplies heeded his hoarse cry for help. Then there was the man stranded on the starting line because he whopped his steed with a barrel stave and the animal jumped right out from under him. And the woman who killed coyotes with a stick when they dragged by, exhausted from dodging settlers all day. And there were always tales of the slim young men who dressed as women and secured good claims, because no gentleman would contest what he thought was a woman.

The Editor of the *Cedarvale* (Kansas) *Messenger* dismissed the historic episode of the Run in these cryptic phrases:

"The opening of the Cherokee Strip was a great disappointment to thousands, as is evidenced by the continual stream of dejected people passing through Cedarvale on their return . . . enquiry among them developed the fact that not one in fifty got a claim."

This is followed by a long list of local citizens who made the Run, and their progress or failure in the race. And in all the dim and faded pages of pioneer journalism there is no item to match this doleful bit of reporting: "D. Smith secured a good claim, but has the unpleasant remembrance of killing a man to get it."

27,000 claims—100,000 claimants—six-guns the law—human cussedness the judge! Yet order from chaos grew, and soon peace again filled the land.

Today, this strip of Northwestern Oklahoma land is a vast mosaic, patterned of sprawling ranches, oil wells, wheat fields, petro-chemical plants and fine farm mansions. Indeed, the pioneers wrung great riches from the soil they risked their all to claim in that incredible Cherokee Strip Run.

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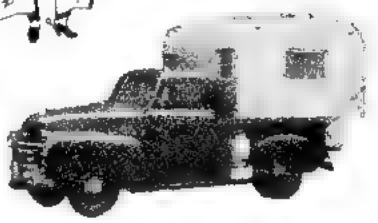

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The Promise of Aurora

(Continued from page 21)

marshal, was a member and its unofficial head. Howland was disgusted with the acquittals, jury disagreements, and the disappearing witnesses he had encountered trying to enforce the law. And he believed the Union was the only practical way to supplement the law when it failed to act.

"The Daly gang will make a good example to show we mean business," Howland said near the conclusion of a tumultuous Union meeting. A vote was taken. Death was decided for the Daly gang, and wholesale indictments issued to known scamps, ordering them to leave Aurora forthwith under pain of death. A few hesitated, ignoring the orders, but decided a change would do them good when they heard the rhythmic thump of hammers building both gibbets and coffins.

Fainter hearts wired Nevada Governor Nye, stating Aurora was in general disorder and asking his help. The Governor wired Howland asking for details of the uprising. Howland's reply was a classic of calm, considered frontier judgment:

"Everything peaceful in Aurora. Four men will be hung in fifteen minutes."

At mid day, February 9, the four men of the Daly gang were marched from the jail towards the gibbet standing before Armory Hall. There wasn't a miner left in an Aurora mine, nor any red-gartered girl in the local dance halls when the Daly gang was brought to the scaffolds.

When asked if they had anything to say, Buckley and Daly took full blame for the killing of Johnson. Daly added his only regret was that he could kill Johnson only once.

Masterson blubbered innocence.

THREE-FINGERED McDOWELL, who had been allowed all the brandy he could drink, drunkenly screamed his innocence, too. When there was no showing of mercy, McDowell suddenly pulled a derringer and held it against his chest. The gun misfired, and he angrily threw it into the crowd.

Moments later the signal gun sounded, and four bodies dangled in front of the Armory.

Out of this hanging stemmed the feud between Louis Vance and Irish Tom Carberry, though Aurora's rough days were over. Vance and Carberry met in Austin (Nevada) about four years after the hanging. Vance claimed to be a secret member of the Daly gang, and had escaped hanging with the others. He bullied Carberry and accused him of squealing to the authorities.

Taking up the issue, but unarmed, Carberry went out to get armed. When he returned, Vance began firing. None of his shots took effect.

Carberry calmly waited until he was through shooting, walked within good shooting distance, placed his pistol over his arm and fired. Vance dropped with the first shot.

The Vance-Carberry feud proceeded to its natural conclusion with the death of Vance, but even after the vigilantes cleaned up Aurora, there was a feud that went even beyond the grave.

Bill Carder, 30-year-old wanderer from Tennessee, was credited with being one of Aurora's tougher citizens. Bill had shot accurately those who crossed him, and shot indiscriminately when he was drunk or ornery . . . which was most of the time. Though the record is scant, Bill's murdering had gone on for some time until he encountered a gent history records only as "Mose."

Mose shunned six-guns, his favorite being a double-barreled shotgun loaded with bolts, screws, and other odd bits of metal. Bill talked to Mose when he should have been listening, and the shotgun spoke for him . . . twice. During the brief hearing, Mose claimed Bill insulted him, and the jury agreed it probably was so.

However, Bill's female survivor, who called herself Widow Carder now, didn't think her man had been done right by. She ordered a headstone which related the details of his death on December 10, 1864, noting he had been cruelly assassinated by Old Man Mose.

ACTUALLY, Mose had liked Bill before he had to shoot him, and as long as he had been acquitted of legal responsibility for Bill's death he didn't feel he warranted a stone tablet indictment for all the world to see. The longer Mose thought about it, the less he liked it. One night with a snootful, Mose trudged up the hill to Bill's grave and had a target practice session. When Mose left, the headstone lay cracked and shattered. Remembering Mose's accuracy with the scattergun, no one, not even the widow, cared to protest or re-erect the monument. And though a few monuments remain, Carder's grave is gone, along with many of the other feebly transient monuments men try to leave behind them.

Aurora is a prime but pitiful example of how vagrant are the glories of gold, guns, and ghost towns. The cabin in which Mark Twain once lived is gone. The shack was moved to Reno and there tourists gradually carted it away until now nothing remains.

The jail where Milton Sharp, the Prince of Nevada Highwaymen, picked his way through the walls is gone, too. The courthouse and its precious Plymouth Rock have served as basis for resort owners to give an aura of the Old West to their gin mills.

Looters and wreckers of every stripe

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have taken the road (which is rougher than a cob) from Bodie (California) or Hawthorne (Nevada) and ripped up Aurora's boardwalks. Saloon floors have been panned, and even the thick concrete floor of one mill was crushed for the gold-bearing chemicals which had permeated it.

The floor beneath an assay office produced $2,500 to an ambitious traveler.

Aurora's wealth and substance is nearly all gone. Its best years ended with 1864, though some work continued until 1881, when water overflowed the shafts. Complete decline came when the county seat was moved to Hawthorne. There were still a few residents to protest the action. And when the legislator from Aurora voted for the removal, he was hanged in effigy.

Aurora had fulfilled its promise: Riotous as Esmeralda, and as brief as Dawn.

Battle at Galena Summit

(Continued from page 19)

dle. The Forest Supervisor told me of the fight and I checked it with Joseph Stratford, the only living eye-witness to the battle. Finally, I questioned old Fred Goodner, Idaho's octogenarian sheep king.

"Yes," Goodner chuckled, "I remember very well! We sent a topnotch professional heavyweight prize fighter to whip John Riley. We hired the best man there was for that kind of rough-and-tumble fight. We paid him a thousand dollars to take that band of sheep in for us — and the next day we had to send in a thirty-dollar herder to bring them out!

"Must have been a real fight. Shame I didn't get to see it, after paying for it. The fighter was Tom Sharkey, and a couple of months before he'd fought a hard draw with John L. Sullivan. Sailor Tom was just about the best there was —but he wasn't good enough to beat John Riley!"

The Meanest Cayuse

(Continued from page 11)

grabbed the reins and was in the saddle in the shake of a lamb's tail. The cayuse went at it again, but not as strong as before. Lew fanned him and raked him from neck to flanks until that horse calmed down to a slow Spanish trot. When he rode him into the Black Hawk breaking corrals, he was meek as a kitten, and Lew collected the $22.

Lew admitted later that this horse was the worst thing he had ever rode. But while Lew got the $22, that cayuse made a wreck of the Chinese laundry, the other wash-house and Dempsey's Store. They said the horse destroyed more than $300 worth of dishes, whiskey glasses, utensils and other things.

Lew Stone's folks had come around the horn in a sailing vessel. They were in the Modoc Indian war where Ed Stone, his uncle, got an arrow in his hip. Lew Stone buried three wives, and whether he has any notions of taking on another, I can't say—I haven't seen Lew for some time. He was, beyond any doubt, one of the best bronc twisters the West has ever known.

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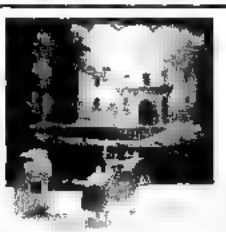

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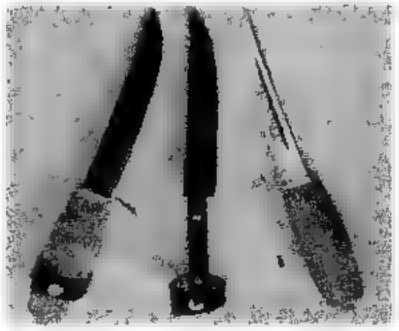

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The Lost Padre Mine

(Continued from page 13)

forgot about the whole thing until several years later when I was on a hunting trip up in the Winchester Mountains in Arizona.

I met a character named "Nigger" Jim. He was a great guy, had 13 notches filed on the inside of his gun butt; he took the plate off to file them, a not infrequent trick of some of the old time gun men.

Jim and I became great friends. Many and weird were the stories he told me as we sat around the camp fire at night: stories of stage coach robberies, the Wild Bunch at Galeyville, of his experiences with Billy the Kid (he was the Negro who escaped with the Kid when they shot their way out of McSween's burning house in that fight at Lincoln). He worked a claim in Tombstone, knew all the old-timers in those hell-roaring days.

I had business over in Phoenix and checked up on Jim. Everything he told me was verified in the old, dusty files and records. Jim was on the wanted list in three states, but that part of Arizona was pretty easy going in those days and everybody liked Jim.

One night as we sat smoking and drinking coffee after supper, I spoke of the Lost Padre and I thought Jim looked at me queerly. I told him what I have written here. Jim nodded his head from time to time, then he bent over and in the light of the camp fire drew a rough map on the ground with the point of his hunting knife. IT WAS EXACTLY LIKE THE MAP SAM HAD GIVEN ME. Every detail was there. Then Jim asked a question: "Is that Mex, Garcia, still alive an' do you know where he is? You see, I'm the nigger he left for dead back there at the Lost Padre."

NIGGER JIM'S STORY: "What Sam told you was right. We took off from Terminal Island; I got some kin folk down there an' used to visit 'em, an' that's how I happened to be there. We headed for Imperial Valley an' a little past Indio turned off on the Blythe road, through Desert Center, an' that's one helluva trip. It didn't bother us much, all bein' used to the heat. We finally hit Parker an' took the ferry across the Colorado River an' were in Arizona.

"We headed for the Catalina Mountains and pretty soon we begin to pick up signs, like here," he pointed to the map he had scratched in the earth. Now Nigger Jim could neither read nor write, but I'll always consider him one of the smartest men I've ever known, as well as the fastest man with a six-gun I've ever seen, and I've seen some of the best.

"We kept goin', campin' at night an' starting afore sun-up to miss as much of that hellish heat as we could. Come sun-down it looks like we're about there. The signs were all like on the map Eagle Claw had.

"We was gettin' pretty edgy. Ever been on one of them kinda trips? No? Well, you'll see somethin'. Afore you get near the gold everybody is friendly like. Then when it looks like you was goin' to find that gold, somethin' happens. It just means each *hombre* is starting to figger a way he can get the whole thing for hisself." (Later I was to find out how true that was when Jim and I went after buried treasure. But, as Kipling said, that is another story.)

"We didn't make it that night, but everybody was so excited nobody et much supper an' we was off agin 'way afore sun-up. About nine o'clock we hit the spot where the map showed the mine was. Garcia stopped the truck an' we all run like a bunch of kids. Sure 'nuff, there was the rock ridge, like a wall, runnin' along the bottom of the mountain

"We climbed over that, quick, an' started going up an' down looking for the entrance. It was Eagle Claw that found it. If you didn't know it was there an' what to look for, you'd never notice it. The rocks had been fitted so good an' the cracks filled with dirt it looked just like the rest of the place.

"Well, we started diggin' with our bare hands like crazy folks. Gold does things like that to men. Our hands was bleedin' but we got that first rock out an' after that it was easy. We made an openin' big enough for a man to get in an' Eagle Claw went in first, it bein' his claim. Garcia said somethin' about goin' back for some picks an' shovels, but I followed Eagle Claw inside. The cave was black as pitch but the Injun had a flashlight an' he turned it on.

Left to right: J. L. Russell, "Nigger" Jim, J. Charles Davis.

"Godalmighty! You never seen nothin' like it. It was there like you an' Eagle Claw was told; the skeletons of lots of people, nothin' but bones, empty-eyed skulls an' bones. Then the light moved around and picked up a sorta' table or stand an' on it was statues of the Blessed Virgin an' Saints an' sacred vessels. I crossed myself." (For all his lawlessness, Jim was a devout Catholic, never ate meat on Friday, and he once told me he never stuck up a stage or killed a man on Sunday!)

"I was back of Eagle Claw an' I don't think he ever knew I was there. He moved the light here an' there, and when it hit the wall of the cave, I heard his breath go out like the wind through the trees at night. The walls looked like solid gold. Eagle Claw moved, slow, like a man walkin' in his sleep, over to the gold, pulled off some like it was paper.

"I think that Injun went plum' crazy. He let out a yell an' started runnin'

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back to the entrance. I guess he was goin' to show the gold to the others, but I'll never know 'cause it was then the shootin' started. There was a lot of it, seemed like two, mebby three guns barkin'. A bullet whizzed past my head an' I flattened, quick. The shootin' slowed down, then quit.

"I figgered Garcia had got a rifle he had hid in the truck; I could tell from the sound that one was a rifle, the other a six-gun. I got to my feet an' felt my way, slow-like, to the entrance. I didn't want to walk into no gunfire. I pulled my gun an' worked my way to the light.

"NOW here's the funny part about this whole thing. I ain't never rightly figgered it out. All of a sudden I felt sorta sick-like. I got real weak an' things begin to spin aroun' in my head. I could see the openin' ahead of me an' knew it was close. Then I don't remember nothin' more.

"Like I says, we got into that mine afore noon, and I figger Eagle Claw and me weren't in there but a few minutes. Next thing I knows it's breakin' daylight an I'M OUTSIDE OF THE MINE AN' OVER THE WALL! I sat up, feelin' pretty dizzy, like I'd been on a drunk. My gun was there along side me an' I felt better when I got my hand on it.

"It gets light mighty fast in the desert, just like night comes sudden. I could see things now; the truck was gone an' I started to walk to where it had been an' came on the body of Eagle Claw. He was dead, shot through the head, but he'd burned powder as the empty six-gun in his hand showed. He didn't stand a chance against that rifle, the distance was too far for good shootin'. A little way off was the body of the Mex. He was shot in the back, looked like he'd made a run for the mine. He musta died slow.

"Eagle Claw had a canteen, nearly full an' I had mine. You don't go nowhere in the desert without water, if'n you expect to live. I took the shells he had left (we both used 45's) but I left his gun. I knew I had a helluva walk ahead of me and wanted to travel light. Down by where the truck had been I found a pick an' shovel Garcia had left. Judgin' by the looks of things, he musta' left in a hurry; the ground was all dug up where the wheels had dug in. He musta' been pretty scared by somethin' and I wondered what. He had everything his way: plenty of grub an' water on the truck, the Mex and Eagle Claw dead. He had a million dollars an' only me to worry about, an' that was nothin'. He could kept outa range of my six-gun an' picked me off with the rifle. I had no food an' my water wouldn't last long.

"I took the pick an' shovel an' buried Eagle Claw an' the Mex, covered 'em with rocks to keep the coyotes away an' then hunted a place to get outa the sun. I knew my only chance was to travel at night, as I figgered on waitin' it out in the mine. I couldn't find it!

"Pretty soon I did, an' the damn thing was all sealed up like when we first found it! There was no tracks, 'ceptin' ours. Nobody coulda' come down that montain, or gone up it, not even a mountain sheep. The Injuns say the spirits guard that mine, that the Padre put a curse on it. I dunno. I found a hole in the rocks, crowled in an' laid up for the day. Come sundown, I started walkinn'. Yes, I was in the Lost Padre Mine and I KNOWS where it is."

THE story of Jim's trek back to civilization is a saga of unbelievable courage and man's determination to fight through any and all obstacles, but it proves nothing further about the Lost Padre Mine and so must await another telling.

One thing more: I asked Jim if he would go back to the mine with me.

"Not this nigger! I ain't never goin' near that hanted place again. Don't you do it. That place has the curse of the Padres on it. Don't go."

That was that. Nothing would get Jim to go near the place. Jim is dead now, and perhaps he has found out the secret. I wonder.

There it is, as fully documented as I can make it, and I think I have studied the case history of the Lost Padre more fully than anyone else. I've read all the records, all the books that mention it, and I have talked with two people who swore they had been inside the mine.

As I said in the beginning, you can take it or leave it. Believe it or not.

The fainting of Jim might have been caused by accumulated gases, but how to account for the mysterious sealing up of the entrance?

I knew Nigger Jim for years, went through some amazing experiences with him. I never once knew him to lie. He believed what he told me. I believe him and I believe in the existence of the Lost Padre Mine.

Perhaps some day . . . who knows?

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DURN YOUR HIDE!

This magazine isn't much good — but so isn't a rotten potato. And don't be calling us a rotten potato, durn you, suh! Smile or send in a subscription.

Truly Western

(Continued from page 3)

In the June issue, the sample by Mrs. Riker is plenty good. She's well worth a try at a story—if she can do an action-full Western illustration that comes up to the sample. You boys have made a discovery and have an opportunity to develop a real artist.

Regarding your regulars: They are all good boys and consistent producers, but I won't mention my favorites since any publication needs variety. As a cartoonist-illustrator myself, I'm naturally for live art as against photos. However, in TRUE WEST I'm for the photos. I feel that you are doing most of us illustrators a damned big favor by printing pix of the famous old Western towns "as was." The same goes for the pix of "the good guys and the bad guys"—even if disputed by some of the oldtime readers. Basically, no matter what the arguments, your oldtime photos furnish the essential facts . . .

Sorry to see that you had to drop the 4-color covers. These help on newsstand sales, but—having been around the publishing and editorial end of the magazine business as well as art departments—I know your problem. Better a small, steady, faithful circulation with regular covers than a beautiful, expensive full-color job that might double your sales for one issue. Even if I was the guy selling you the cover!

Another possible suggestion: How about a few oldtime "on the ground" short pieces by say, Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Bill Nye, etc., illustrated by the likes of Joseph Smith, Farney, and boys like that? Mark Twain's hilarious account of Editor Horace Greeley's stagecoach trip over the Sierra Madres would be a dilly! Some of the humorous writers and illustrators of the Old West are still unparalleled, even if none too factual. And some of the supposedly factual stuff of the 50's and 60's is uproarious because of its very *lack* of fact—Burton C Blanchard, Box 2, Cornish Flat, New Hampshire.

How About Shootin' It Out With Six-Guns, Boys?

Dear Fred:

I have just read a story—and it IS a story, false, untrue—in your April issue on Billy the Kid, by J. Charles Davis. This is the first I have heard of this Billy the Kid expert, but it may be the last. I have not found anyone yet who could put his money where his mouth was.

Mr. Davis struck below the belt when he falsely quoted from my petition for pardon filed on November 15, 1950, with Governor T. J. Mabry, Santa Fe, N.M., in behalf of William Henry Roberts, claiming to be Billy the Kid

In order to keep the record straight, I state the following facts. I quote from the article by Mr. Davis, thus:

"In fact, only a few years back, a 'Billy the Kid' in El Paso was applying through his attorneys for a pardon for all those crimes committed back in the early days."

I am citing the petition, and I know if Mr. Davis reads it again that he will find that his statement is false and not as it purports to be.

We were praying a pardon for a wrongful conviction in Dona Ana County, and only this one.

In order to make it worth Mr. Davis' while in digging, I am offering $25 for each and every pardon petition mentioned, except the above stated one.

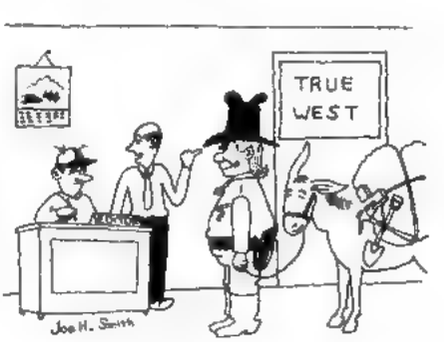
Mr. Davis pretends to be very familiar with Billy the Kid, but I seriously doubt if he has ever seen any of the legal records. I am offering herein a reasonable sum for "all that evidence" mentioned by Mr. Davis.

It would require too much time and space for me to list all the people claiming to have been in Fort Sumner, N.M. on July 14, 1881, and to have seen the dead body of Billy the Kid. Some of them saw the body buried on the 16th, but none of them knew that Pat Garrett's memorable date of July 14 had been eliminated as the date of purported killing within a few months after it had been made. Mr. Davis may have seen the legal record wherein Pat's widow changed the time of the purported killing after her husband's death . . .

I am offering $25 to Mr. Davis or anyone else, who will furnish a certified copy of the "inquest" in the purported death of Billy the Kid. This is a standing offer, and when you notify me that you have a certified copy from the legal records, I will forward the money to you to be paid over to the proper party. I will not request his name.

I realize that this letter is highly critical, but Mr. J. Charles Davis has opened the issue by falsely quoting from the petition for pardon . . . You probably realize that I cannot permit anyone to misquote my petition. Neither shall anyone attempt to disqualify the statements made therein without first producing legal evidence sufficient to disqualify.

Considering the premises herein, I believe that you owe a duty to publish this letter to your readers and to furnish me the mailing address of Mr. J. Charles Davis—William V. Morrison, 1312 Arizona St., El Paso, Texas.



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Reply From Author Davis

Dear Sir:

In reply to your letter regarding my article in the April, 1955, issue of TRUE WEST, I would say that I believe you missed my point entirely. This was not, as you say, an article on Billy the Kid It was an article concerning the fact that reports continue to be circulated about outlaws long after their death, or supposed death. Billy the Kid happens to be one of them. I neither know nor care about the details of the reported killing of the Kid by Pat Garrett INSOFAR AS THIS ARTICLE IS CONCERNED.

My knowledge of the life of the Kid is not so limited as you indicate. I have spent considerable time in the country where he was famous (or infamous); I have most of the books written by well recognized authors on the subject and consider them competent writers.

J. Frank Dobie, in **A Vaquero of the Brush Country,** gives a very complete report, as does Paul I. Wellman's **Glory, God and Gold.** These are in addition to others already quoted.

I knew two men well who knew the Kid—one was in the posse that captured him and the other was one of his gang, a man who went through the Lincoln County War with him. I have verified these facts. Both men are now dead and the Kid was dead before my time, so it is necessary for me to depend on the printed records. In spite of this, I do not pose as an "expert" on the life and death of Billy the Kid.

Regarding my mention of the appeal for a pardon: I simply quoted from a wire dispatch sent from El Paso by the press services, and I neither know nor care about the contents of the appeal. I noted the appeal only to point out the fact that "Outlaws Never Die."

I have written (and had published) a great many articles in the past 25 years and am always very careful about facts. There is one thing I have noted about shooting scrapes where several people have seen the gunplay—each person will give a different account of what actually happened. The Earp-Clanton-McLowery fight at the O.K. Corral is an illustration

I hope this clears the matter up for you. All I wished to convey was that there are tales about many outlaws indicating that they were not killed and actually escaped to Mexico. It is very romantic but, up to the present time, I have failed to find any truth in these reports or meet anyone who knew for a positive fact that such was the case. Until I can secure proof to the contrary, I shall continue to accept the reports of the courts and the law officers involved. —J. Charles Davis, P.O. Box 77533, Sta. Dockweiler, Los Angeles 7, Calif.

"Think you're purty good, don't 'cha?"

Attention, Dave Clemmons!

Dear Sir·

I read your letter in the June, 1955, TRUE WEST, and just want to say howdy to an old range rider who still calls himself a *vaquero* in these days when almost everybody has forgotten there was a time when old-fashioned *vaqueros* and buckaroos of the Far West, cowpunchers of the Northern Plains and honest cowhands of the Southwest, disliked even detested—the then danged, dirty, derogatory, disparaging, dude name of "cowboy."

You were weaned and saddle-broke before I got out of my three-cornered breech-clout, as you were a yearling when my mother was born. But even by the time I got a-straddle of a horse, there were only two kinds of *hombres* who called themselves "cowboys." One kind was the rank shorthorn who didn't know the difference between a Durham and a Jersey, and the other was the Buffalo Bill kind of bird who thought his autobiography was a "literary gem" that would change the course of history.

I'll back your play when you say TRUE WEST'S articles are fine, and I'm one who hopes you'll bust loose with more than just letters about the times when *vaqueros* rode the stock trails of the Far Northwest. Best Wishes, Old Timer, and good luck.—W. I. "Bob" Robertson, P.O. Box 335, Carson City, Nevada.

Letters on "I Saw Them Kill Sam Bass"

Dear Editor:

Friends of TRUE WEST are happy that you try to print only true facts. Whenever we read an article of which we have a little more additional knowledge than the writer, we feel we help a little by giving these additional facts. We do not intend to embarrass the author.

Looking back to your November, 1954, issue, there is a case in point—the story "I Saw Them Kill Sam Bass," by Hart Stilwell. This needs a few changes, and I am sure Mr. Stilwell will accept them in the spirit in which they are given. Had he conducted further research I know he would have made these changes:

1. Major Jones, Dick Ware and George Harrell were not the first Rangers sent to Round Rock. When the call came to Ranger headquarters in Austin, two Rangers and two former Rangers were hastily placed on flat cars with their horses and sent to Round Rock on Thursday. Jones, Ware and Harrell arrived later.

2. George Harrell is given the credit for shooting Bass, but it was proven that the fatal shot entered the back of Bass and came out the front. Ware and Harrell were in front of Bass. One of the former Rangers was back of Bass, and had his horse killed The horse fell on the rider, and held him pinned there until the shooting was over. While in this position, this former Ranger said he steadied his gun on the pommel of his saddle and shot Bass in the back... From then until his death, this man grieved because he said he shot an unarmed man...

3. Quote from story: "My father got to Round Rock just in time to hear a lot of excited talk. Word had gotten

(Continued on following page)

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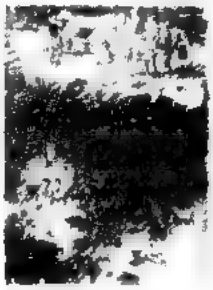

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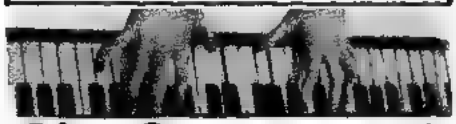

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Truly Western

(Continued from preceding page)

around that Sam Bass and his gang were going to rob the bank in town, and that the Rangers were on their way but hadn't got there." Mr. Warden is mistaken about this. Not one of the Round Rock citizens knew anything about Bass and his gang's approach. The orders given the first four Rangers sent down on Thursday were to hide themselves and their horses and tell no one. This they did, hiding in a stable near town. They learned that a shooting was in progress when one of the four returned from buying tobacco and told the others. They mounted their horses and joined in the fight. This placed them behind Jackson and Bass, where the outlaws were trying to get on their horses.

4. Murphy did not go into Round Rock with the gang. His only hope lay in that the Rangers would come to his rescue before the other gang members shot him. He made the excuse that he would go into the store in Old Round Rock, buy horse feed, and listen to the talk there to see if the citizens knew of the gang's presence in town or whether the Rangers were coming. Murphy remained at this store until after Bass and Jackson passed Old Round Rock, trying to escape. He then surrendered to the officers . . .

5. Quote from Stilwell: "He (Bass) jerked out his gun and sent a fatal bullet into Grimes right there. And he also shot Moore through the chest."

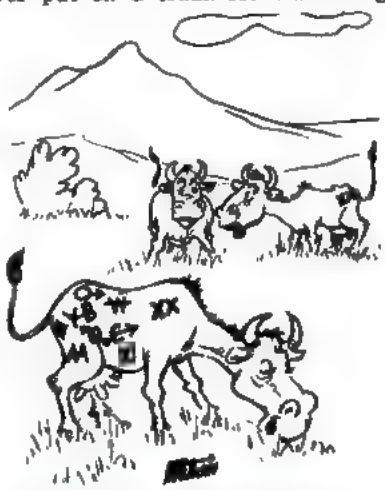
One of Sam Bass's statements was: "When we were in the store at Round Rock, Grimes asked me if I had a pistol. I said 'Yes'—then all three of us drew our pistols and shot him. If I killed Grimes, it was the first man I ever killed." With all that lead flying, no one knows who shot Moore.

6. Odd items: Citizens did not give the names of Conductor, Engineer, etc., to this gang; they named themselves thus. Jackson was called Engineer, because it was his job to capture the engineer each time. Bass was called Conductor, because he captured the conductor and then went through the train . . . Jackson was heard of again in Williamson County. He wrote a letter to the Williamson County authorities, asking how he could clear his name. He was told that he never had been charged with a specific charge, and since so many years had passed, he never would be. He had been living under another name . . . Bass was never put on a train. He was brought into Round Rock and placed in a room there . . .

7. Mr. Stilwell, you and Edna Ferber certainly take your facts from selected groups. You write: "To Texans . . . Sam Bass is the glorious, romantic dashing figure . . . The outlaw is as much of a Texas hero today as Sam Houston and Davy Crockett—as much of a Texas hero as Robin Hood is an English hero."

To many of us whose families have worked five generations to rescue Texas from lawlessness and make of it a great state, this is an insult. You also insult Sam Houston and Davy Crockett when you link them with this cowardly horse-thief . . . He was no Robin Hood. He never in one instance stole from the rich and gave to the needy. He spent his stolen gold to "show off."

Mr. Stilwell, won't you in the future write: "Some of the people who live in Texas consider Bass a hero." We Texans are glad to have you embrace him as a hero, but we won't accept him as either Texan or hero. He was born in another state, lived in five other states. The only big robbery he ever participated in was planned by Joel Collins—Mabel T. Quebedeaux, 4320 Newton, Dallas 19, Texas.



"That gal's really been around!"

This Gal's Dad Knew the Daltons

Dear Sirs:

Please enter my subscription for TRUE WEST. I bought the magazine at a newsstand, the first issue I have read, and thoroughly enjoyed every article. I also want all back issues that are available.

In reading letters to the Editor, I noticed mention of the Dalton Boys and Kate Bender's cabin. That's why I want the back issues, because these names have been mentioned so many times by my Dad (H. S. Tuttle), who still lives near Coffeyville, Kansas. He went to school with the Daltons, and has pointed out the ridge many times near Mound Valley where Kate's saloon was located. —Mrs. Ray Simpson, Priest River, Idaho.

Bear and Lion Fight

Dear Editor:

A "battle of the century" between a marauding bear, a mother lion and her two cubs, one of them fast in a trap, was fought recently near the junction of Carrizo Creek with Salt River, 30 miles west of Fort Apache, Arizona.

No human eyes witnessed that drama of the wild. It was reconstructed as closely as possible by Russell C. Culbreath, U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service trapper, in a letter to his chief, Everett Mercer, at Phoenix.

An Apache Indian showed Culbreath a dead calf that had probably been killed by a lion, although the evidence was inconclusive on that point. At any rate, Culbreath knew there were lions about on that part of the Apache Reservation. So he dragged the carcass into a thicket and set a No. 4½ trap.

When he returned the next morning Culbreath found about a half-acre of territory torn up worse than a tornado could have torn it. Lion and bear tracks were all mixed up together. The drag marks of the calf led in one direction, of the trap in another, which was all wrong. The barbed wires of a near-by fence were well decorated with lion hairs where an adult catamount had hit

(Continued on page 46)

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Truly Western

(Continued from preceding page)

it—probably with a bear in close pursuit.

As Culbreath figured it, a mother catamount and two cubs returned to the calf. One of the cubs got caught in the trap. About that time the bear happened along and attacked the helpless youngster. The mother pitched in to defend her baby, and the battle was on.

In the end, the cub in the trap was torn to pieces and the mother was driven off, followed by the second cub. The bear dragged the calf a short distance and abandoned it, too hurt and weary to eat.

That bear may have been a champion fighter but it was no champion for brains. It came back the next night and stepped square into one of Culbreath's traps. A .22 bullet from the trapper's gun ended its career.—Ralph A Fisher, Sr., 5038 E. Oak St., Phoenix, Arizona.

are complete for the publishing of the true accounts of these incidents and the injustices done the Sioux.

Crazy Horse did voluntarily go to Fort Robinson. That act in itself was in a way a "surrender," He went to plead the cause of his people and was taken into custody. A soldier did bayonet him in the back. The soldier was never punished.

Red Cloud was probably a greater leader—remember Fort Phil Kearney?—but the new Crazy Horse Memorial near Custer, South Dakota, could not go to a greater member of the great Sioux Nation than to Crazy Horse. Next to him I would place the great Sitting Bull. On second thought, I would place Sitting Bull first.

To digress from the Sioux—the gun buried with Wild Bill Hickok, referred to by a reader, was a rifle, not a pistol.—Marvin Almon, 1429 Longfield Ave., Louisville, Ky.

1. Sweeney Folsom, Poteau, Okla.; 2. Frank West, Muskogee, Okla.; 3. Richard West, Chocotah, Okla.; 4. Ben C. Collins, 5. Edmund Wilson, Atoka, Okla.; 6. Lee Wyley, Tellquha, Okla.; 7. James L. Walker, Dewey, Okla.; 8. Jim Collins, Cheek, Okla.; 9. Mrs. Frank West; 10. Capt. John West, Muskogee, Okla.; 11. Mrs. Edmund Wilson; 12. Charlie Adair, Claremore, Okla.

Know Any of These?

Howdy!

The above picture is a group of Indian Police which was recently found in an old trunk. The picture was probably taken around 1905. My father, Ben C. Collins, No. 4, was ambushed near Tishomingo in 1906. I would appreciate hearing from anyone who knows any of the people in the picture. I would also like to know if any of these people are still living and their whereabouts.—Dan. H. Collins, 2103 Newfield Lane, Austin, Texas.

More on Crazy Horse

Dear Joe:

I read with interest the "Crazy Horse" controversy between Mr. Blasingame and Jeff Adams in January TRUE WEST. It seems to me that both are partly right and partly wrong.

For two years I have been studying the Sioux chiefs and their efforts to win a chance to live in peace upon their own lands. I even visited the Sioux country and am in contact with present-day Sioux who witnessed the disgraceful part our Army played at the Wounded Knee Massacre and the murder of Sitting Bull. My notes and manuscripts

Likes Letters Dept.

Howdy, gentlemen!

Just today found a copy of your November issue of TRUE WEST. As I always do, I read the rocks and posies in the Letters Dept. first. This I like. Your magazine is, to me, the best on the market. I have read and kept notes of true facts of the Old West for my own enjoyment, but now I just keep your whole magazine.

Keep up the good work, so I and many others may have the pleasure of a wonderful magazine.—E. C. Rogers, Sterling, Colo.

Oldtime Cowhand Reminisces

Dear Editor:

In a discussion some time ago, a certain learned gentleman talked at some length as to whether a fellow can live and grow fat on a diet of jerky. Well, I found out the answer to that one long years ago on Devil's River. I remember a cow work three of us boys went on back there. We had a frying pan and our bedding on a pack horse, and for grub we had jerky and a batch of biscuits. This was on the divide between Devil's

(Continued on page 48)

WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

GUNMEN AND OUTLAWS

DOC HOLLIDAY, (Little, Brown, $4.50) by John M. Myers, is an exciting book about a very salty character—gentle-born Georgian dentist, professional gambler, heavy drinker, gun and knife fighter, and devoted friend of Wyatt Earp. Doc was an occasional peace officer but gambling disputes started most of his fights. How many men he killed is not, and will not be, known, but there were several.

Tuberculosis sent Doc to the West in 1873. He followed the rail and trail end towns as dentist-gambler and gunman during the wild years. He left a trail and sometimes a wounded or dead man in Dallas, Jacksboro, Dodge City, Denver, Fort Griffin, Las Vegas, Pueblo, Leadville and Tombstone.

There is much on the Earp-Clanton feud in this book, including a fresh, thrilling account of the OK Corral fight, an often-told tale. Doc's gun sided the Earps throughout their stay in Arizona and when it got too hot for them there, he escaped with them to Colorado. Doc outlived the day of the professional gambler-killer and died of TB at 37 in Glenwood Springs, Colorado. This anticlimax does not dim the vivid picture Myers has sketched of the dapper gunman, with the hacking cough.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF JOAQUIN MURIETA, (University of Oklahoma Press, $2) by Yellow Bird, (John Rollin Ridge) is Volume 4 in THE WESTERN FRONTIER LIBRARY. There is a fine introduction by Joseph Henry Jackson, talented literary editor of the San Francisco CHRONICLE. Joe does a job on the legend because despite the claims of authenticity, the book was a folk tale—but a mighty timely one. California was ripe for a folk hero and Ridge obliged with one in the Robin Hood mold. This edition is probably only the second printing of the original Ridge text although there have been many pirated editions. It preserves all the rhetorical flourishes of the 1854 original and all the gory details of the "career" created by Ridge. This is an excellent addition to the series of western classics being issued by the University of Oklahoma Press, at a price within the reach of all.

RANCH LIFE

GREAT ROUNDUP, (Morrow, $5) by Lewis Nordyke, is about a great organization—the Texas and Southwestern Cattle Raisers Association—from its borning under an oak tree at Graham, Texas, in 1877 to the present. Rustling was bad in Texas in the Seventies and the honest ranchers had to organize to control it. To this day one of the major activities of the Association is the hunting down of cow thieves. Some of the recent experiences of the Association Inspectors rival those of the old wild days.

This book is of necessity episodic, otherwise it would have been overlong. The great cowmen parade in it—Slaughter, Loving, Carter, Simpson, Waggoner, Reynolds, Burnett, Bugbee, Ikard, Evans, Goodnight, Halsell, King, Pryor, Blocker, Mitchell, Kleberg, and dozens of others. Many interesting incidents in the life of the Association and its members are told concisely.

There are some excellent photographs in this book and 19 fine drawings by Harold Bugbee. And as a bonus there is a frontispiece in color, "The Roundup," by Charles M. Russell.

A collector's item all the way!

WE FED THEM CACTUS, (University of New Mexico Press, $3.50) by Fabriola Cabeza de Baca, is the poetic saga of the Hispanos on the staked plains of New Mexico and Texas. Coronado saw them first and later Mexican pioneers settled the extensive land grants made by the King of Spain.

The writer unites the experiences of the fabulous Comancheros and ranchmen with those of the recent period into a remarkable story. Her narrative is sprinkled with succulent phrases and words from her mother tongue which add flavor to an already delightful style.

REGIONAL HISTORY

EXPLORING THE NORTHERN PLAINS, (Caxton, $7.50) by Lloyd McFarling. This brilliant treatise can be called the "Book of Revelations" of the explorations of that part of the Northern Plains drained by the Missouri and Platte rivers. McFarling draws his material from the writings of the best authorities of the area, including civilian explorers, army men, scientists, artists, and religious pioneers. The subject matter is largely made up of direct quotations from the diaries of such notable Northern Plains explorers as Lewis and Clark, Fremont, Francis Parkman and twenty-five others.

"In this book history moves across geography in search of facts," says the author. McFarling presents the factual story about the Big Muddy and the Platte, the two great roadways into the heart of the northern midlands of the United States. The turbulent Missouri was the first pathway used by trappers, traders, the U. S. Army, and early tourists that invaded the Sioux country; and they went largely by boat. But those who went up the Platte Valley found an easy grade for overland travel to Utah, California and Oregon.

The author has packaged a lot of Northern Plains history into an amazingly attractive and useful book. Twenty-one maps drawn by him add greatly to the value of the text.

(Continued on following page)

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Miscellaneous

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Western Book Roundup

(Continued from preceding page)

INDIANS

Frank Gilbert Roe's THE INDIAN AND THE HORSE, (University of Oklahoma Press, $5) is a scholarly book based on a tremendous amount of research.

That it is also quite readable is due to the author's skill in presenting the facts and folklore gleaned from numerous other writers including Dobie, Wissler, Haines, Denhardt and Graham. On occasion, and with much logic, Roe differs with even the authorities he cites the most frequently.

If you are interested in how and about when the various tribes acquired the horse; the influence of the horse on the economic and social life of the Indians; the horse in Plains warfare; and, in fact, if you are at all interested in either horses or Indians, this book is for you. There is an appendix, an index, an excellent bibliography, and a fine folding map showing "The Dispersion Routes of the Horse."

The 31 illustrations were selected with much care and include some excellent photographs. Many of the famous western artists are also represented—for example, there are five illustrations by Alfred Jacob Miller and four by Charles M. Russell, the great Montana artist. Frederic Remington, William R. Leigh, J. H. Sharp, Wimar and Catlin are among the others whose fine pictures add to the value of the book.

CHARLES M. RUSSELL

THE OLD GRAVOIS COAL DIGGINGS, (Privately printed) by Mary Joan Boyer, is a fine little volume of much interest to all the collectors of Charles M. Russell, Montana's great cowboy artist and story teller. In addition, it is a good local history of "The Diggins," now a part of the City of St. Louis. The Russell plantation was the site of the first coal diggings in this area and Charlie's grandfather was the discoverer. There is much Russell family history, including some of Charlie's boyhood experiences, plus six Russell illustrations in this book.

Today's First Editions are
the Collector's WANTS of Tomorrow!

The books reviewed in this issue by **THE OLD BOOKEROOS** can't miss—**ORDER NOW:**

1. **DOC HOLLIDAY**
2. **THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF JOAQUIN MURIETTA**
3. **WE FED THEM CACTUS**
4. **EXPLORING THE NORTHERN PLAINS**

and the three great books having illustrations by Charlie Russell, the Montana Cowboy Artist:

5. **GREAT ROUND-UP**
6. **THE INDIAN AND THE HORSE**
7. **THE OLD GRAVOIS COAL DIGGINGS**

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Truly Western

(Continued from page 46)

River and the Pecos River, only 30 miles across. Our ranch was on the opposite side of the river from old Fort Hudson, established in Indian times but then decayed and falling down.

We expected to be away only a few days, but we were gone over two weeks. It had rained, and cattle were watering on the few water holes on the divide.

Well, we soon ate up our biscuits and then fared solely on jerky. When we had time, we'd pound up the jerky on a flat rock with another flat rock, then boil the whole mess in the frying pan. Of course, we'd get a lot of slivers from the rock, but I supposed that helped our digestions.

You know, these days we feed laying hens oyster shells to help their digestions to keep them from laying soft-shell eggs. We didn't get to lay any eggs, but it kept us in good condition otherwise.

One day we met the Bittings boys and thought now we'll get some bread, but no—they didn't have any. They'd been out about as long as we had and had been living on straight jerky. We camped with them a couple of days, then went back to our camp, got our horses and cattle, and dropped down on the old Rio Pecos to the Scott Dole Ranch.

In going down that tortuous trail, Jim, who had been riding just behind me, says, "George, if that hoss was to pitch down this steep, rocky trail, could you ride him?"

Like a plumb fool I said, "Shore I can ride him."

Jim had a sotol stalk in his hand and flipped it under my hoss's tail, and if ever I made a wild ride it was then. Now I could ride pretty good, but always when a hoss bawls every time he hits the ground it just scares the whey out of me. But I stayed with him—no clear place to land.

When we got to the ranch, Scott wasn't at home. We shore had an ample feed, but, oh, that Pecos water! As Frank Dobie said in his book "Vaquero of the Brush Country," that water "would give a killdeer diarrhea just to fly across the river!"

We moved our little bunch of stock down the river a couple of miles and made camp under the Pecos high bridge. The Southern Pacific Bridge is 387 feet high, about the highest bridge in the U.S. Had to look twice to see the top.

To digress, we'll tell the story about Miss Patty Moorhead and her lover, who passionately declared that he loved her so much he'd follow her to the jumping-off place to marry her.

Patty says, "Follow me across the bridge and we'll go to Judge Roy Bean and get married; it's only a few miles away. I'm going to ride my pony across on this four-foot plank by the side of the railroad track, so follow me and we'll get hitched."

Well, the lover just couldn't take it, so Patty was still without a mate.

We camped under the bridge a few days, then gathered our stock and hiked out for the ranch on Devil's River.

That cow work proved to me that a fellow can live but can't grow fat on a straight diet of jerky. Wouldn't the present day cowpokes bellyache if they had to subsist on a diet of pure jerky? Man—I'll say!—George Phillips, Route 2, Duncan, Arizona.

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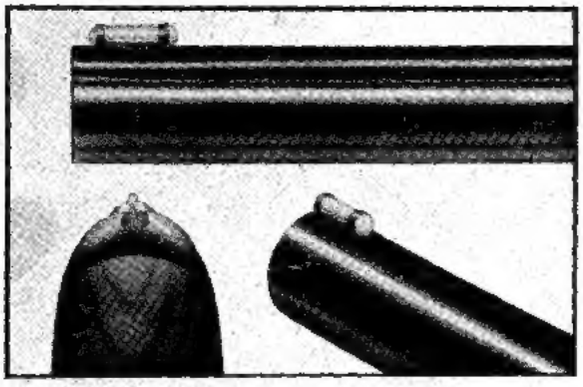

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